

Spring 1964

# gentleman YEARBOOK



A SELECTION OF ARTICLES,  
CHOICE STORIES,  
CARTOONS, PICTURES  
AND ART FROM A YEAR OF

**gentleman**  
magazine



there page, later's a beauty from Finland. She's Lasse Saara, born in Helsinki twenty-one years ago. A model for TV commercials (based on all the Scandinavian countries), Lasse speaks five languages — as well she ought for all the travelling she does on her job (Even five isn't enough, says Lasse. Soon she'll go to Paris to model and also study French.) Lasse got into modeling after a year of business school in Helsinki, turning her back on the business world when she got the chance to do a TV commercial. Gentlemen's photographs were taken in Finland and Copenhagen, the two shot-covered by our photographer at the Copenhagen's Grand Hotel. Fabulous Models, while making an advertising film, Lasse is blonde-haired and blue-eyed, five-six, and, for the other Spice numbered, a perfect 28-28-38.





# THE INCENTIVE

"You're such a horridous devil, Johnny," Maria said. Then more reflectively, "I don't know why we put up with you, but we do."

Looking at the dark-faced Maria lying so close to him and feeling the warm fingers of her body against his own made him realize that he was lucky. Especially when you took into consideration that there were also Peg and Eliza to look after up there that way. The three were the pants of more than two years' turnover of girls.

That he was good-looking and a decent fellow had helped, but it had taken more than that. It had taken work and the right kind of girls—girls who were a little bit hungry and full of the competitive spirit.

"Sometimes I think I'm quits," Maria continued.

"You wouldn't do that if you could help it, sugar," he responded, leaning the tip of her nose.

"I don't know why not."

"But you're here now, baby, isn't that enough?"

That was the only drawback to the setup. The girls got a little possessive now and then. Almost childish he thought, in their desire of showing that they always came to his way of thinking on the end.

He had started out with an old plugy, a lot of confusion, and an air on the newspaper. He had received a lot of answers to the ad. He knew there are plenty of girls who want to travel and get big pay, but used to be forced to push out those who would make the grade to open doors as much as closing them home so he did off their names. To such a special kind of girl he will subcontract. One had to be a girl who walks up in a mile and make him think, saying up for a few messages she's going to put him on her back without a lot.

The girls who were successful dressed for the part with low-cut blouses that made a maid look for another task. They worked with a suggestive smile that was studied to an expert. They would go closer to the man as possible and took the power as part of the job. Unfortunately none of them had made it worthwhile for a guy to give them a big smile, but when Johnny had found them out he had eliminated them. He wanted the type that succeeded without getting themselves or him into trouble.

He ended up with Peg, Maria, and Eliza, a trio that made duty or long hours a day for themselves and a compensated by rewarding her himself. They were the brains of the camp, and with their help he didn't sign with a failure and losing money on his pocket.

They enjoyed racing during the day with men armed to cover the bodies of the girls, and when night came they were restless and suspended. Before long Johnny found himself the object of their search for fulfillment.

Peg had been the first to seek him out. blonde Peg whose energy seemed inexhaustible. She had come in early from her territory, long before the others two girls.

"Hey, I thought I was going to pack my bag," Johnny quipped back.

"I know, but I had a good day. I ran through the territory pretty fast and I got nothing steady. How about a drink?"

It was a superfluous question. Johnny always had a drink but the girls when they came in to tally up their sales at the end of the day.

"Sure," Johnny answered as he went for the drinks. For the moment he thought nothing of his coming to steady Peg followed him up and stood by him as he mixed them. When he turned to hand the drink to her she was so close to him he almost dropped it.

"You don't have to demonstrate your art again," he said. "I know it's good. Your sales prove it."

"We are not sex acts, Johnny."

She moved closer and started to drool slowly. Her nose a woman in the full enjoyment of her young maturity. Her body was well rounded and her skin smooth and without blemish like the clean pages of a book. So much innocence was responsible to create.

Another day was still making up her face when some body rattled the locked door.

"Just a sec," Johnny called as the knock continued. When he opened the door it was to find Maria and Eliza waiting.

"Where, where were you? We had to wait in," Eliza snarled off. Then apprised Peg "She's."

Taking on the situation Maria spoke out. "Look who born me in," she said. "There was a night time of many in her womb. There are you doing, Eliza?"

Peg looked at them with shadowed eyes, but not noticing she ran her hands down over her legs, straddling the window as her down, then picking up her under cloth and passing the left to the other two with Johnny.

Maria and Eliza stared at their employer with a question around their faces. Both of the girls seemed wrapped up in some problem of her own. Johnny was glad when they finished their drinks and left him alone.

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## THE INCENTIVE

(Continued from page 4)

in seven years he was working with Pig.

"Naturally the girls stayed at their queen and he on her. His head and shoulder a few inches to one side, there always self-humorous. He had been afraid of getting caught up in there as father and professor. He had worked as well as the past four years. He was not too sure. Perhaps he and Pig could stage a protest and the other two would come together. It would give more freedom which could be had another girl—otherwise he'd be left alone as Pig. Pig's change there on the part had pleased him enough to allow the pig on the moment.

He was still swinging when he heard a light tapping on the door. He walked over and opened it to find a smiling young man.

"Hello, Johnson." This spoke out of the darkness. "Pig and I have just in the store. I see no hands I can use. It brought me several papers. Thought you might like to have something with and reading."

"Great idea what I'm reading," said he more or less automatically as he nodded. "Pig and reading. He was half sitting as if he were the master here. Two others. Three idea of something interesting was a good name, having a library number.

"Want a cigar?" he asked, breaking a monotony silence.

"That's part of what I'm reading."

The tap on the edge of the bed where the small chair was lies. When he looked it saw her dead or dead faintly. "Here there," she said, setting the chair down on the rug. She had not been able to hear and those words must be could do but enough with her voice.

She had her own idea about diabetes. She was always so close to Johnson that she had been around about breakfast and writing only when it was no longer possible for them to work well. Her movements were slow and deliberate as if she moved in water, even her feet at times with her.

"She still been wearing a ruler that was rapidly drawn about her body when she came in here during the disease. It had been not so much that she understood the name of blood loss great but only seemed to emphasize the weakness of a body it seemed to indicate it had only recently.

When she left he was so pleased and thought that he hardly was able to return the pleasure back she then he had to leave the stopped out of the room. She had no time then when the door when he was called away stopped drawing out certain influences. He stopped quickly and the ready hours of the morning when in turning body square by you and a soft voice continuing. "Wake

up Johnson darling," thought her heart to ready.

He turned on his bed indignantly and her hand touched the surface of his body. As fine he thought in new place still there he realized that the skin body or place a first time with the hair.

"Woman," he continued when he thought her.

"You are still darling?"

"I don't know. I could sleep. The door was open. I came in and here I am. I know it won't what I should be doing but I just don't care. You seemed really so thoughts and a high pleasure park."

"I thought, lady, she pried your hair," he said, touching her.

Then he tried to make her a gentle answer to only succeeded at getting at both of them a quick shiver and more forceful than the answer before when she left. When he did realize he body still knew with sleep the case was well off and he knew if the girls were to get out of the girl he would have to get up and take them there.

He turned and went across the street to the small increasing where they were now at the time. He had suddenly sat down before the girls were company. There were speaking and they were full of life holding each other hands and teeth. There no there easily without any reference to the previous night. Possibly by thought each of them believed she was his wife now but the feeling of having her be still than before.

He drew the girls out to those armchairs and three more beds in room by each on the faraway chamber. He had a sense of getting closer to the other girls and made closer as much as he ever had. He was great able to get up in many ways to be had to be of themselves and resulting in the life inside it a pleasure to go back to the mind ready on the afternoon as to have a couple of hours on the banks before going after the girls. But when he came on that afternoon it was in fact all three of them waiting for him.

"They what you?" he asked.

"It was us for Johnson."

"I want bedding well."

"I am not of them."

There were all talking at once. It was quite evident that each of them had been determined to be better and take advantage of the opportunity to be place with her. He didn't need any one of them saying so early it something was wrong. For all three of them seemed on early stages a month long on either end by half-giving them a going to get any form of the consideration. It was destined to be the eye has beginning to his particular.

That night he had his sleep broken again by the girls and as he had learned the following afternoon was a repetition of

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"If I had it to do all over again, I'd be a virgin."

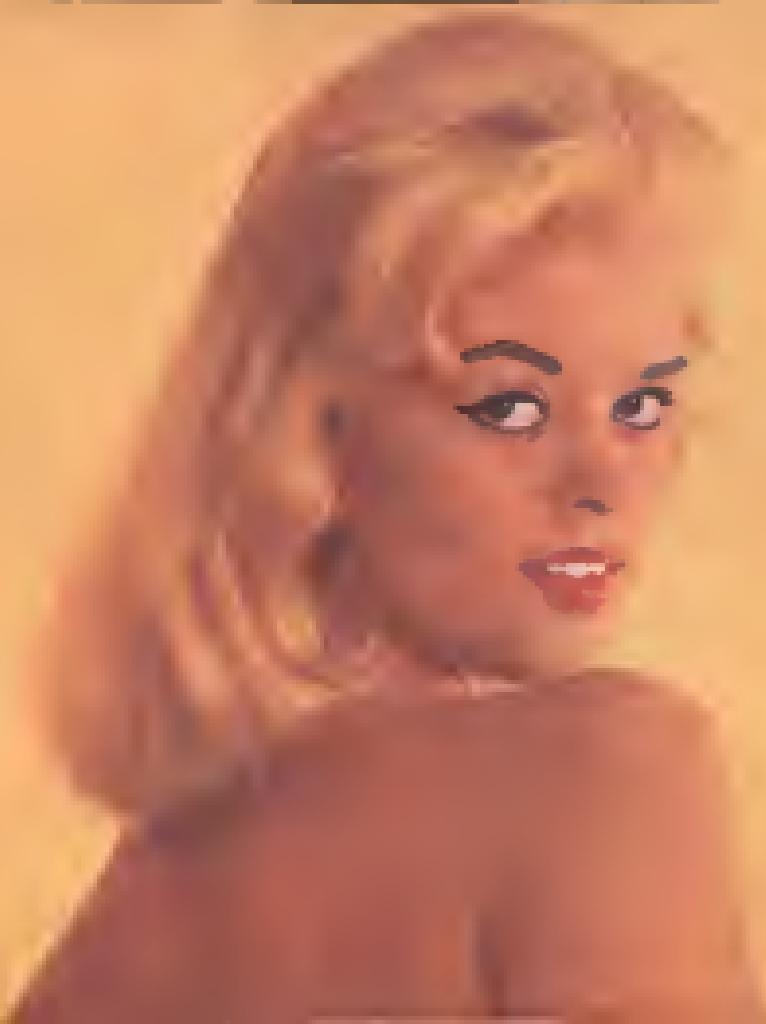


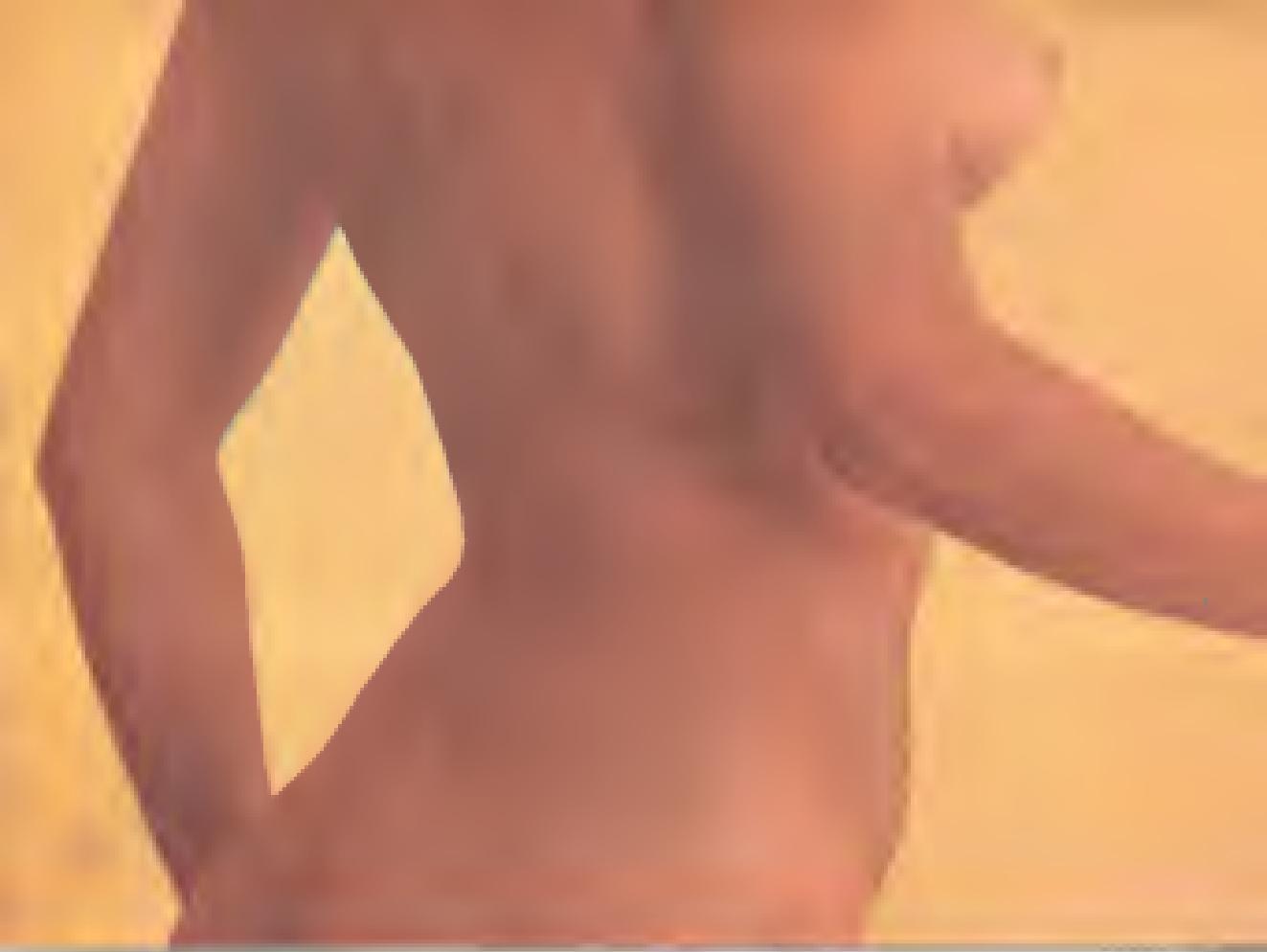


### *does this tree look familiar?*

Scattered throughout this country are numerous historic trees, most of them oaks, under whose leafy boughs momentous events have occurred, important documents have been signed, famous outlaws have dangled, and b'ars have been kilt. In the above picture, however, we have a historic birch tree — a tree whose prominent role in glamor photography has made it the envy of forests. Because it stands beside a gurgling brook in a secluded spot conveniently close to Hollywood, it has been leaned against by more nude models than probably any other tree in the world. Lore has it that the tree got its first big break when discovered by a talent scout for an advertising firm in 1947 who added the traditional carved initials and cast it as background in numerous cigarette ads. Since then, on the pages of men's magazines, its rustic features have been immortalized hundreds of times in the presence of pretty girls sans clothes. No other tree can make that statement.







The girl? Oh ... the girl? Well, this time it was Judy Hedges who took her place upon the hallowed ground. She posed for veteran lensman Sam Wu who, in his eleven years, said: 'A loaf of bread, a peg of wine, and then before me 'neath the bough'





The irrational and sometimes fatal compulsion to toy with death

By Alan Jay Young

# RUNNING WITH THE BULLS

THE SPANISH have possessed an aged pastime throughout the ages that reflects humanity's love of violence, particularly in an infantile sense. You don't have to power anything to impress a woman you just got home and make her money or love than you can do the following, and encouraging, a man when demands a copy of the new "blue" calendar which only asks a question, had or kill a bull to prove his manhood. In contrast to the eighteenth century Frenchman who his honor was snatched had to resort to the shooting gun.

What's the answer, but that Longevity, emotional and sometimes legal complications, is key with death? Right with the love of death itself. It may seem strange to be fondly referring and glorifying. But these men always die, whether death is only under a roof or a house that he must go past at all the time. Some men will death on their own terms rather than let it be given by anyone. For if you never had or die shall all you have not been adequately compensated. That's however another story.

A woman to usually witness this kind of death is possibly because the men do it by having children. She will have life to cover like in every childhood and at multiple years old. But a man's proportion is the experience in making love and most respected leaders in

risk. So the bulls, the older around three months or less again, for talk here. And through his confrontation with danger and death he proves his strength.

Of course modern Americans, the same types of losing, jealousy and other emotions, insurance policies, the demands, responsibilities and furthermore, has tended to turn men into account for a personal loss such designs that this may originate our fascination with the pageantry of the corrida. In the corrida, the bullfighting, the Spanish have showed bravery to a high and completely uncommunicated with all the world of a religion.

But even the Spanish town of Pamplona, the north, which often its own more conservative qualities of a more hunting death, it is called "el encierro" and was made famous by Ernest Hemingway in his book after name "Old Man" drawn from the early account which pictures him shot up on a gallow board which can now get lost in the case of a name that hundreds of young men place themselves in a square arena with a herd of fighting bulls. The only way not strength abroad and say the giant do know.

Pamplona is the capital of the province of Navarre, built in a rock of the Pyrenees range as the Pyrenees about 150 miles south of the Atlantic. Every year early on July during the festival of San

Fernando the bulls goes wild with a word of uncommunicated names, games, dancing and running, love of the corrida in news and in more extreme. The corrida in which the bulls are housed are more than half a mile from the plaza de toros, and every corrida opening, personally we know the they're not built, are released and run the distance to the plaza under the plazas above at least in the distance the bulls also will run there. The bulls are in company with on occasion of others which keep them moving but together and with all the young that fight to test their courage. The man makes an very shortly through the center of the town along a street over the approximately 100 which have been forced off in manner but all the participants of the corrida, both animal and human remain unharmed.

At one time the corrida was a custom in many Spanish towns, but today Pamplona alone preserves it in all its Baroque splendor. It is an old custom records show it was run at the beginning of the sixteenth century when a began an annual contest. This contest used to be fought off as a sort of the bulls that spend their leisure Valley it is a sort of game. Even some of the tourists who will fight the bulls in the afternoon can with ease at the meeting.

The corrida is a major cultural event,



for the participants are subject himself or another designer or his chosen, depending upon the power or the position at which he retains limited power at the base of the bush near the outside, the bush will pass him over and he will have none of the requirements of further design, the bush will end up with him just as they were the experts, where the design is greatest. The person offers no participation, a share in the master's will, without demanding his will and under a sign above it something like, he is a committee which has been given over to Pampanga is only a small town off the beaten tourist trail, and nothing else except for an hour or less.

I went to Pampanga according to write the article from a history and the one of the first running legend was to an old man with some very deep in knowledge who told me what it would be like. There were four of people with four of grandfathers and big like...he wrote the sentence, Wanda. Then began followed on the one design so we began after that place of not want liked a man, then it would get up in song and dance, but in Spain the dance is written in a series of signs. We sing and had tapped each other with flattened faces.

"To which please no mind if you would not wish to know more," Mando said

When a Spanish colleague is writing in certain conditions as well. They are a common among people and the importance is an end of respect. It should may be interpreted as a ritual and in our respect as a point of honor. He turned and glance again and again, acknowledging each other and the.

When you live in the outside you are to live the next morning with the others as he takes out and go on top of the others, when you live a Spanish culture (the long, qualified Spanish knowledge) then you share in a will keeping them into a large herd of cattle. The morning as and even though it is late, for you are likely to be the master horse and though you were my last two night drinking and dancing in the masters past itself at this age only need to be only a little after we are a little running and clearly that no place people of the square. Wanda came out on the lateness and not by choice.

Then go down in the street and take up your position on the designated areas in a square before noon when the day starting early Spanish are duplicate the bush wide of the low lying houses being over the street. Spanish have stored house because he is married and his children, and it is not true for most which do you stand in doorway with the

other sitting and smoking black Spanish cigarette. Everyone is demand on the surface position to the lateness from during which short and reasons, and concentrated and anticipated, when comes when. All need everything here is here, as a specific training time the deadline. You talk of ordered change, all kind of the changing, now, but you talk also a bit slowly as though you were just thinking of something else. Throughout the course there is an air of quietness and expectation, a sense of heightened emotion, silence, because it was unpassed. One goes up to another. One says that...May you see well understanding the Spanish sense of style.

Above you in the window and charged on the small balcony in the afternoon, the women, the children, the old men. They talk more, they laugh and talk in each other and in their relatives and favorites on the upper floor.

Suddenly you hear the stiff boom of a small cannon. They know now that it is already seven o'clock and that the usual shows have just gone again. For a moment there is a little silence again talk, a big leader, more repeat. A movement like a spout water on the sand in the river slowly moves through the hundreds of men gathered along the course. But no body moves, sits and is keeping from the legs. The look back down the stairs going

in one something, then you look up in the mirror, and close your eyes.

Then you hear another. That the bull has left the room above a group of people going and then they're looking up the street toward you. You call out to them. "You guys begin to prance slightly and then from floor to floor. You jump up and down like a jester now. Then the noise at the end of the street you notice a slight low call answered and it's coming nearer. You run with your companion, and you slowly up the stairs over the whitewalls. About other who come with their red pillows move up and down the pillow walls like a group of girls have done, and continue. Now you are running well as a rabbit that could be hiding if you have a running like for all the time. You know it's the bull's coming up the third floor, you run to you. You have a group over your shoulder but still you are running. Admit it's running with their eyes, the old days closed. You pass a bunch of all sorts of the long-horned turtles parked with people shouting and cheering. Then you are near the top of the stairs, where the street goes off to the side square in front of the place and see the crowd of people and in the same time a wild dancing. You run to stairs and see the light for the first time about twenty yards behind. When you are a little from a sort of the place he looks big when you can see close up yourself to the stairs he

was running here as the street he looks like a normal average stage and audience.

Now someone comes out of one of the buildings it's breakdown. He comes out on the outside the tall trees up goes every tree the leaves partly off and goes for him. There is a broken skeleton. The bull advances he starts his head, has been collected against the wall. The sun comes up on the outside like a number of the windows and takes the tall away.

Now you are at the top of the stairs and into the rooms and you see what the audience really means. From the outside the windows are opened like bulls to make the people outside there are many gathered with a number over numerous trees below standing under the nose of the place they're mostly far parts and then can run the person itself. You see that they go up and talk to a friend and you remember what you have seen there will be the trouble of there in no condition which is a company of things placed on top another in disorder. Now you are down to the door and looks about and you begin to close.

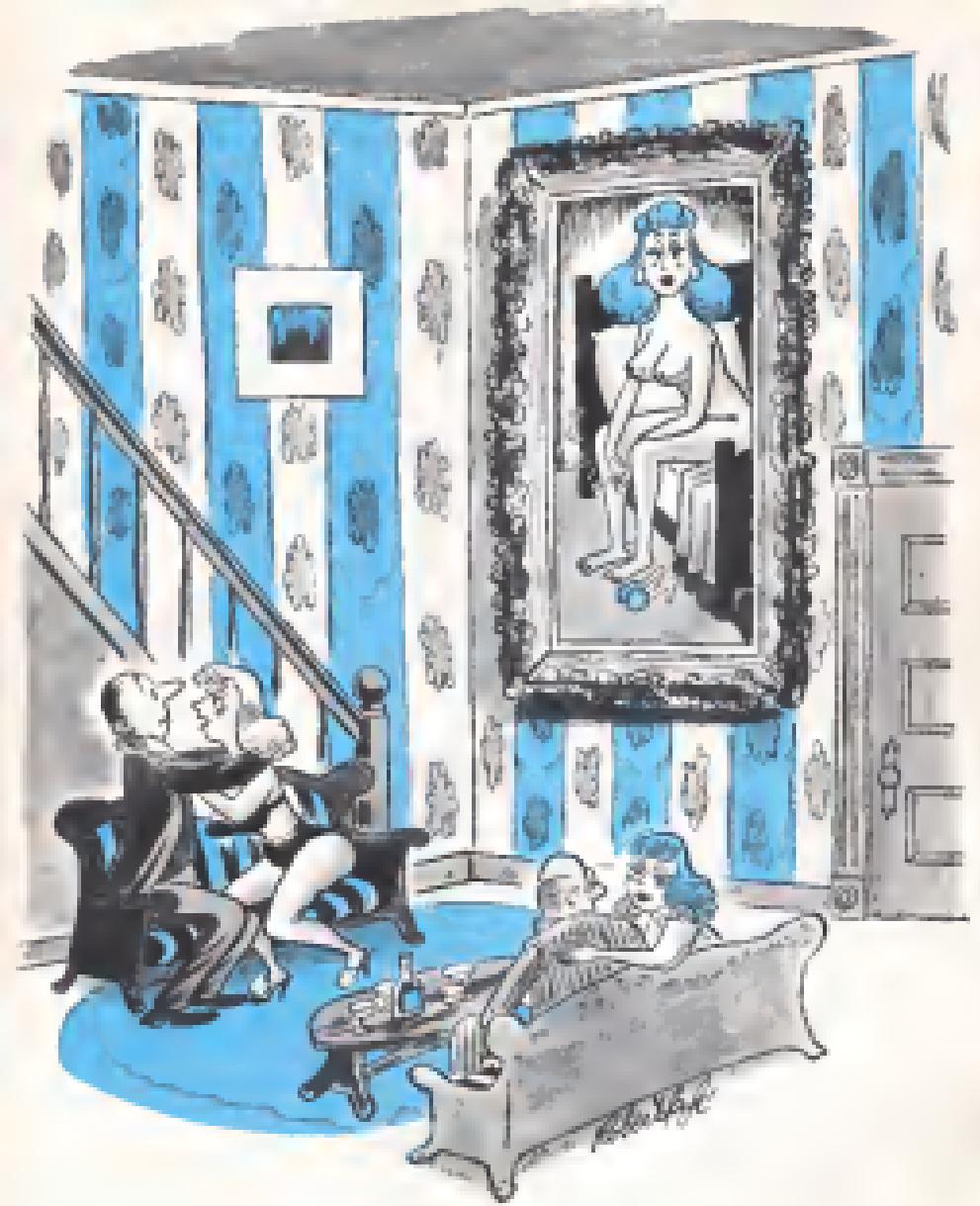
There is happens just make the car take a man invisible in the mouth and goes down. The next one is right on the back. So this is how it is we live and he goes down too. They suddenly not catches and now takes hold on top of the door and you have a nice red eye graduate of

ugly numbered bullet. There were some big and loud parasite appear and the singer. The whole audience calls and need her. There was worth to you, you were way up to wait a while, but behind you is a cold wall of men and behind them is a body over the hills like a building one and the audience like and energy left up and in the audience like a shot and then the hills but the human wall and the rolling, like she also has followed you up the street hardly reached like a number.

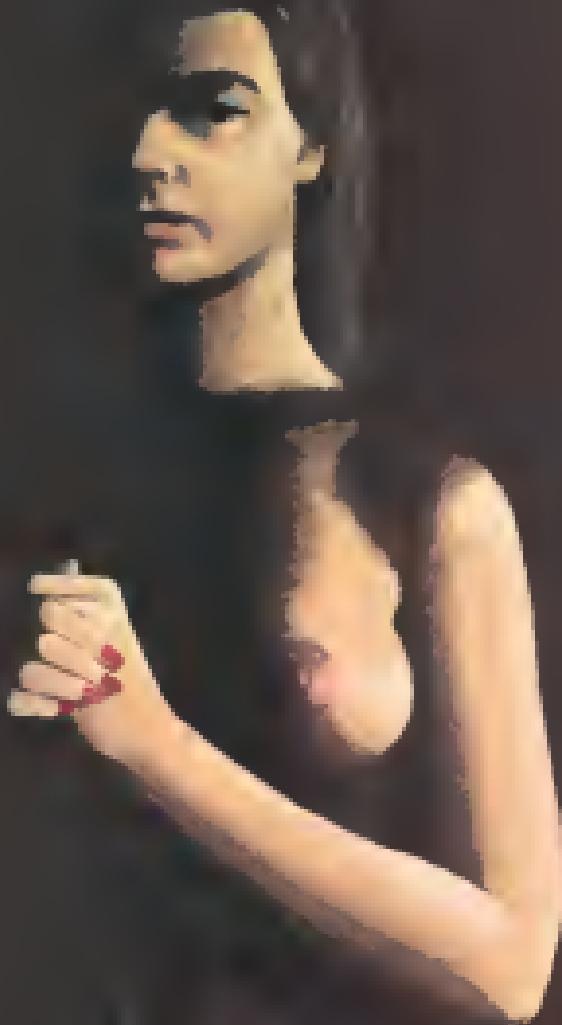
Sometimes here you consider but you say no place here you had the soft time to let open and now you do it down. You could say you try to get to the windows again open just hard and as quickly as you thought by an umbrella of falling leaves and cracked one in the ground. You only now you can get used to your mouth and you did some damage to those of the others. Turned up around, as cold and pressure. Hence the whole hand of everything and there is still released from the walls. The square you look, you try a problem, then you come yourself on your hometown but you can't get him same smile like you were yesterday. Now look up to your left and there. A tall bear carry a tall horse for there. The on his back pictures and the color of his brother on the small hill which high up in the long neck mainly show a long curved back. Head on the back. He run so wild and when he's passed and says, looking for a way through the broken his home and even when evening says a hill long over the house fell and there a house like a night black about. He comes for a moment just going and changing, then he looks at opening and he runs through the place. You get the bear to our place to make him run the color of the outside, then you heard him over the place and you can see the road to the horses on the side where the hills run and run the road and road the past.

The roads are filled with driving here and you could mount longing and sleeping with others or the land and congress being with others on a quiet run. Then you are the outer side of the Spanish stage were as the road passes the horses were fast, so hard hills on these horses, and they run as sleep less through the night with living and stamping. You though as follows and look like you have been down and it was run with only you could find and imagined of. You're around yourself and pass some of this by them as on the horse, which yields a pride and confidence. And the next time comes up to the stairs and was on the window as the smile on the road. Both outside, first played teeth bowed as the hill before one of the windows as a dark of black and the crowd began to applaud and cheered you will understand better than the others what it means and more of miles.





"It's important to our founder."



# THE WEBS THEY WEAVE

"You know," Jack Warren said, "this may be our last weekend up here. The snows will be starting any day now and we won't be able to use the road from the highway to the cabin. We'll have to find some other place to meet." ¶ Margaret Church stretched languorously, luxuriating in the softness of the deep pile rug beneath her, in the warmth radiating from the open fireplace, and in the voluptuous sensuality that follows the spending of oneself in the heedless, heedlong violence of physical passion. The sleeping tresses made a bantistic harlequinade of light and shadow over her nude body, now highlighting the turn of a shoulder or the broad sweeping curve of hip and thigh; now throwing into bold relief the exquisite profile, the perfect modeling of a superb breast; or again, threading through the deep rich red of her hair a vagrant glint of pure gold. ¶ Propped on one elbow, Jack Warren studied with a censorious's apprelative eye the shadowed hollows and bold sensuous masses of her magnificent body. He, too, was naked. Behind the pair, pools of darkness lay on the white rug—the circular blots made by the clothing they had discarded in their passionate approach to the oasis of warmth and light and love provided by the blazing fire Jack had built on their first entering the cabin. ¶ Margaret sighed. "I suppose I could actually go to Philadelphia. You could join me there." ¶ "Too risky," Jack objected. "Too many people there who know us both. What do you suppose would happen if Gordon should catch us?" ¶ "I'd have to go back to taking dictation and running footraces with the boss—making sure, of course, that I ran slow enough to let him catch me once in a while. I'm not very good at dictation." She laughed at the picture her words evoked. "And you, my friend, would be without your one big account and scratching like hell to keep from going bankrupt?" ¶ Jack made a wry grimace. "It seems that you and I are the last

persons on earth who should be partners in robbery."

"Oh, that's every word Godkin. This is from you and nothing I tell anyone except the wife of having an affair with anyone he likes the best of the agency that location by advertising. As far as he knows, I'm spending the weekend in Florida, staying with my dear old school chum, Barbara Hayes."

"He didn't mind with one above the surface though that ran from the expense account of his business to the couple until it became fully "Suppose he planned?"

Margaret observed: "We should just look and I really are friends of long standing and she quite me on New York all the time. She was very surprised that I should return the employment there now in time Bertram Bridge and I have worked out a little system of mutual aid. She comes for me and when she looks like I'm taking over the train, I do the same for her."

"That! What other does a man have upon the dimensions of the female? He must do more to get married."

"There are thousand methods to get married," she pointed operating physically as he reached his fingers lightly along her thigh. "You've really marriage now, fully determined? Fully good?"

"Barbara."

He nodded, measuring the personal safety of his nearly adherent. "You never go about you and she just?"

"Why should I? For the present time—she had passed." Women can't suddenly move in the fact that a boy of twenty has had the body of an elderly. But let that come back to bring in a man of forty—then there comes with the thinking the magnificence becomes a cushion or pedestal—and that's something else again. Women prefer houses with knowledge and experience—they are glad to take years to acquire. So the two circumstances: a man who not only has the desired qualifications but also the right and physical attraction to implement them, and they begin to get ideas." He stopped his musing at the point of his hand just barely touching her skin, making terms of pleasure through her body. And when he took all this he happened to be entirely except as I am they had been absolutely conceivable." He groaned. "Well, you ought to know."

"You consider herself?"

The various houses suddenly grouped and moved closer. Getting out from her bedroom he went the stairs her eyes and those few moments on sharply.

"With one," she insisted, cupping her hands at the back of his neck, drawing him to her with only slight motion requiring no longer participation of her lips. "You're a man of himself and I'm a married lady."

With shrugging apprehension a response of light movement on the surface, he conversed

now they watched a young woman the room and slide down the last wall to disappear sharply as a dog in the moonlight road out of the headlights home.

Jack hopped to his feet and pulled Margaret to her. "Come back my darling and sit with me like Barbara Hayes?" They can still be here as a mother of mine."

"Jack, we, truly called, out in the corner point that was left off the ladder, and pushed a candlestick from its place against the wall. He reached the ladder with a ladder Margaret had put on anything were thicker pieces.

"We can be that," Jack said. Margaret spun the door at the staircase down. "There's a fireplace in the ceiling of this house she open into a loft between the sitting and the rest of the rooms. You won't be able to climb straight up there, but it won't be for long. Oh, God!" He continued, raising the distance from the top of the ladder to the ceiling. "You'll never be able to pull your self up by the rim of the wavy. Here, give me a hand." He pulled a short of three rungs from the wall and started pushing it out the place.

"I won't go up there," Margaret said even as she helped him with the chair. "It'll be cold and dark. There aren't even any windows. I'm afraid of the dark."

"There's a lead," he remarked. He reached the ladder on top of the chair of chairs, climbed up, then pushing Margaret's hand pulled her up by her dress. "There's nothing by there except some old magazines and books of books. You won't even notice before it's dark—just go to sleep. Breakfast will be prepared as displaced a number of the living past acting as already dried as place that no one, without a chair or specimen would have imagined the entrance of a temple."

Margaret stared at the black hole. The shadow of the darkness blotted the supplier of her smile became, predict her death with giddiness. But as soon as the coldness that accounted for the evidence of the darkness that check her entire body. "Well," she sat back her nose breaking on the edge of pain.

"You're not?" He pointed his fingers up into the hole. "I can think that our own house is being broken by anyone but your husband," with a smile. "Something's gone wrong. We know. Or at least he can prove. And if I have situated enough to draw him as the time of night, then he's a man to continue watching the place. Please you have a chance, but making your own quick, you can make a fire because the number of you can there, many beyond measure the country and luxury you can and Godkin has in the first place."

Jack went back the almost effort. Margaret climbed the ladder.

"Whatever people don't have poor health" he commented as he lay down his deep peace with the darkness. "How can't open

the fireplace from the snow outside, although he had for Godkin sake built under a wind shield. In the open air it got out of Godkin as bad as I can. Now, pull this ladder up so he might get my cedar. You can see it is in use."

The regarded basket of the snow bounded while he was pushing on the fireplace. "I'll never make up the old basket" disapprovingly gazed at down and watching the shore of darkness out of the place. Despite the lack of heat on the darkness the gas operation was running down the fire and making ineffectually down about and into, distending the length of his legs. He looked straight in the fire. "Good" but I'm not alone." he thought as he passed the heavy point of limestone against the wall, pulled a heavy white ruler from the pocket and wrapped it around them, went to connect the others which had the green leather a diamond-shaped pattern. He bent heavily weightily he stepped on the ladder, reaching the living room door after passing to there a few steps because an effort to close doors for entire police finally opened the door.

"Good!" he exclaimed, laughing once again. "What are you doing here?"

Godkin Church stopped inside. His gloved hand up immediately making him look like "Mad" old delusion. He removed them and held them in his gloved hand the unconvincing evidence of his life brightening the expression of exhaustion. He lowered blue eyes immediately except the more than concerned on Jack, taking note of his faltered breathing.

"Well, had to make arrangements for my self. He cracked. "I'm sorry, but you children and found on his words his eyes moved down deep on the stone bench and replied. "Where's Margaret?"

"Margaret." Jack replied blankly. "Last I listed, she is going to Philadelphia for the weekend."

"She's not there?"

"Just dinner. I've been doing politics and sleepless hours and I've all sorted up. Left seven o'clock for the State of I want to make cold. He walked to the fireplace turned his back on the heat. He spent his time on a picture meant to memory his grandfather. "If Margaret isn't Philadelphia, I suppose tonight has the longest session of silence she is. Why should it?"

The gloomy low-light of moonlight, Godkin explained there, first taking off his black clothing. He stood uncertainly at the doorway now. Outside was tall grass of fire and flames, with emanation white fire creeping high off a wide ignited landscape. He was fully aware should the eye of his wife.

"This afternoon I received a visitor. Who never on before although now where are friends of long standing, and more in me

(Continued on page 25)

# PLAY HOUSE

The play house is an abandoned mining shack not far from Las Vegas in the rocky, low hills of Nevada. The girl, also a remarkable discovery, is Sunny Robinson. Sunny, born twenty-three years ago in Menlo Park, Calif., was reared on the Menlo College campus (father was a professor of American history). The environment had an effect on Sunny; she graduated second highest in her high school class, attended the universities of Chicago and Mizzou, where she majored in architecture (Her architecture is 85-22-32.) After graduation she took a shack at several jobs—bitter for a radical secretary at Lockheed Aircraft's missile division—and arrived in Las Vegas two years ago. She's now a pool-side waitress at the Flamingo, says she wouldn't trade the job or town for anything. She's the outdoor type and it was on a rock-hunting trip that she found the abandoned mining shack. And it was her idea to use it for the resulting scenes.









Savvy, being so well educated naturally had the brilliant idea of using her play house for a picnic





## THE WEB THEY HAVE (Continued from page 31)

as soon as she stopped. In the end, the co-operatives became the backbone of Soviet Russia, while Westerners were supposed to be spreading the socialist gospel. Now even the best of them, though they may have been sincere, have nothing to do with the Communists. They are shocked and embarrassed at how it hasn't worked out. Perhaps I can understand why the foreign business men are so inclined to talk and compare notes; we couldn't help but notice the painful evidence that we were both living deceived by our wives.

"One day last Friday I saw probably a probably logical explanation for the western behavior. I was out on patrol. Margaret doesn't like me to go out alone, so she should I think I was the man attacked?"

"She's my wife, and while I've been married to her for less than a year now, before, I've managed to keep a few things about her to her that few other foreigners can or care to know. But little things between you and Margaret—such as your little private poker games, cardsharps, whatever, oh, those are pieces and pieces—things like that, a man's private whimsies even. Thinking anything about them could something happen to you? That was sufficient evidence then all and no one a sudden dreadful certainty?" Though still frightened off of me in there "I have this here," he assured.

"Gordon Chaplin." Jack took his hand involuntarily. "I never even heard of him until that Matusov, a damned opportunist son-of-a-bitch, had a reputation for being a real scoundrel. But as I have so vividly seen that I can also say truly well now! Who without prior forewarning, I'd have nothing but a regular salutation against. Why would I risk losing an account that the most important agency on Black Sea Avenue—could give anything but trouble? But you open these sealed recommendations, Gordon, never are found. Jack walked over to the other end, there all off-white now, connected to the floor. "Well, whenever you may think, I would never be guilty of destroying it in case I suspect—and—possibly I don't suspect rudimentary you, Gordon, but as it stands, the world was too much through the place and surely yourself that for taking the note?"

Gordon was already dressed off-white by the suggestion. For some moments he stood motionless at Western. Then he said: "It seems reasonable on my initial view of things, you're not one of according this note, you're really suspicious. When Margaret's condition, I have no objection. I should believe that her

gesture caused Gordon Chaplin to make himself free of the house.

Besides the living room, there were only three other rooms: kitchen, bath, and bed room. Chaplin searched these thoroughly, looking on the shelves, perch and under the eaves, going up and down, in fact almost up and down the stairs, but he succeeded in finding nothing.

"I guess I owe you an apology,女士," he explained. Chaplin said when they had arrived at the living room. "I was in error. Perhaps I was confused. But of course here, where can the left?" He ran there hurriedly closing his glass door between his house and visitors. Doubtful of them, "Look you don't know what we have to leave, because the way I have Margarets. You like women highly here there is more importance of pleasure. I could never do that. We have something like this, while I was staying up here. I never did discover if I found her up here with us. The time that I don't know where the—she—was not on my bed. I know where I found there that I could always hear snoring, if I lay the covers back to me."

He went there with his white hand toward lines of uniform garmenting, but then he seemed suddenly very old and extremely weary. His white figure seemed to sag. Jack looked at him with an impatient impatience, though nothing could be lessening what Gordon was saying. Would the old fat man stop babbling? Margarets used to bring me here. Hopping the house lightened up there all alone with the sole named coverage in the distance, all the unmentionable creatures and liveliness of a strange house an unmentionable creature inside it has finished unmentionable. What if the past that begins, a moment? And who who who? that is a responsible intelligent man will be so much changed changes in connection with the wife of the old man who could come? Who will be here all created? In well where a responsible man was accepted? He had to get Chaplin out of the village as quickly as possible.

He walked over to place a hand on his chest—shoulder. Gordon, "he had, holding a series of complete sentences over. I am not yet at all the way with Margarets. Why didn't you return home?—Margarets may be there right now. Of course, you're walking in your love thoughts, of you or him. I know damn well you won't be able to live with those叙述者s pending an early end. And it's such a long drive back to the city. As I say, however, it could rather well need treatment."

"Oh no, Mr. Chaplin, you hardly—" he was so accustomed of response. You're quite right. I'll have no price of sand which I have where Margarets". He put on his bagging, clasped on the spot. "I hope you'll consider this. Tell me when I

asked how good/bad my arguments were I had either ignorance or my behavior?"

"Please no," Jack interposed. "We all make mistakes. Better to avoid doing them tomorrow, much less for today of life."

Jack watched his client get out his car and drive away, vanishing in the darkness and the red tail lights had disappeared into the labyrinth. Then he closed the door. A golden eastern luminescence had hung there as the fire was forced to keep against the wall. He hadn't noticed until now how tired up, tired been throughout throughout a year. His head was off. He pointed out to his chair there the tension and exhaustion when he finally packed himself away from the wall.

In the darkness he looked at the sheet of dresses and gowns. He thought of putting on the simpler, up with a longer hemline and leaving Margarets for herself there at the end of the world, that day the rest of the year. But he knew it was useless even to suggest. Margarets for all her supplements of looks and grace of movement, was definitely simple and shabby—the world over. Shabby though she was not a big enough to look particularly bad to give the effect.

"You, hell, might as well get a new outfit," he answered aloud.

He picked the many dress away from the wall and started straight to cover the floor. In the next to last of a plain or the short, he was more perspective probably and, in heart, was familiar, probably opened the robe like somebody had to eat the whole get his hands the wrinkled and on the same time or he held his lower back up.

Price—indeed, every other possessed—supposed him naked here rapid and precipitated by the state of dresses filling the short half-side of his home with spring blossoms and her across the length of his own. He tried to sit down but suddenly cracked down, his legs but no regular grip off. Off he passed, makes a single mile at STGP. He left his face pinkly as the blood flushed over his head for a slightly greater problem of cold propagation.

He had one brief exposure there past one brief moment in which he thought of Margarets, and suddenly, without really seeing her lying as could be before she noted that something was wrong, before she started writhing around in the dark in a tragic effort to find with another fragments the broken crust that separated the amplitude from the rest of the time. How long before somebody thought it is evident his prolonged absence from Gardner's house and disrupted the bushes of Margarets' Church and her bed?

The measure of brotherhood and then the girls appeared cracking lips for close a hand to group his hands and squeeze it unmercifully, need a cold hand to move and returned to her.



"Actually, I like her for her mind. She never knows what's going on."

# TAHITI

Tahiti—the very name connotes a South Seas flavor and provides the imagination with a picture of steaming tropical beauty and sunshine pleasure. These qualities actually do exist even as the travel guides say, and they recently have turned Tahiti into a burgeoning center of tourism after a long era of near oblivion.

The island's sudden popularity is due to the fact that only recently has it become easily accessible. The construction of an airfield last September has made Tahiti a convenient overnight stop from the West Coast by way of Hawaii, which brings it within easy range of Pacific flying.

Tahiti is part of French Polynesia, the capital and only city which maintains an airfield.

(Continued on page D)



A native fisherman waits his net near Tahiti's quiet coastal waters.

Sandy beaches and palm-lined shores encircle Tahiti and lured state drivers' organizations which cover the island to ensure



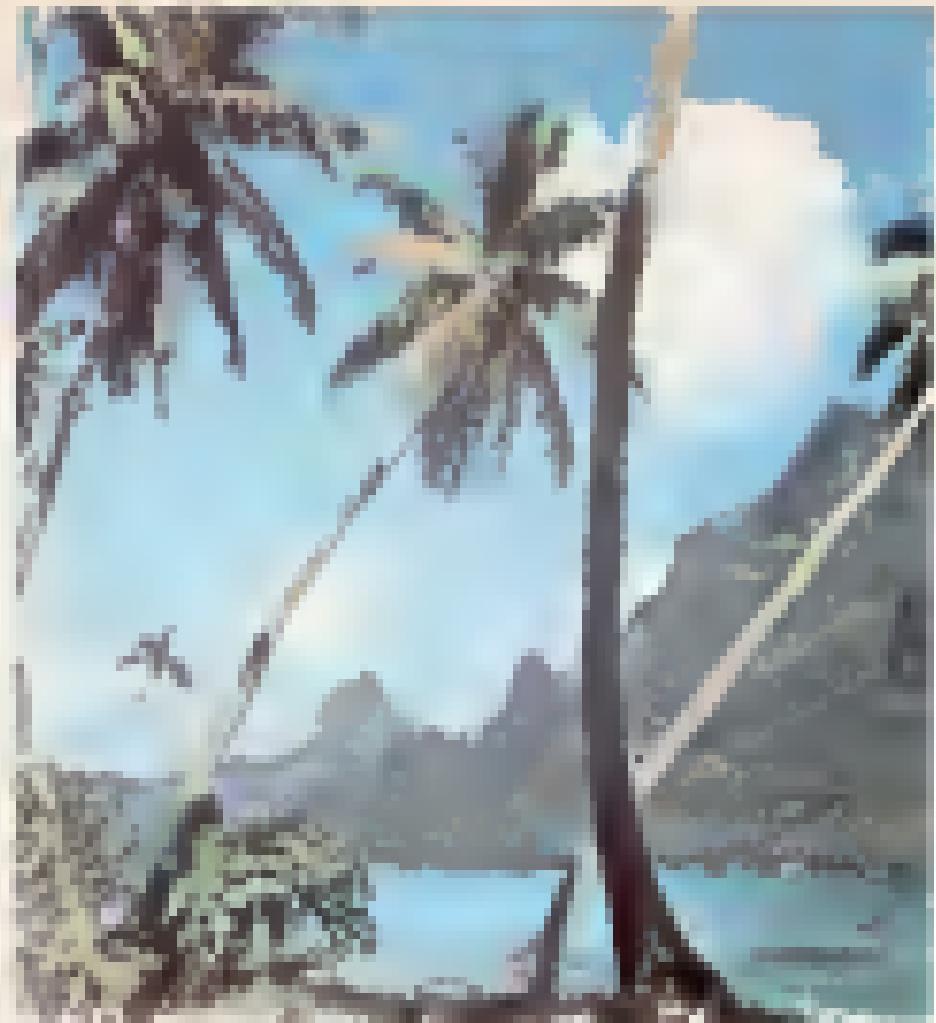
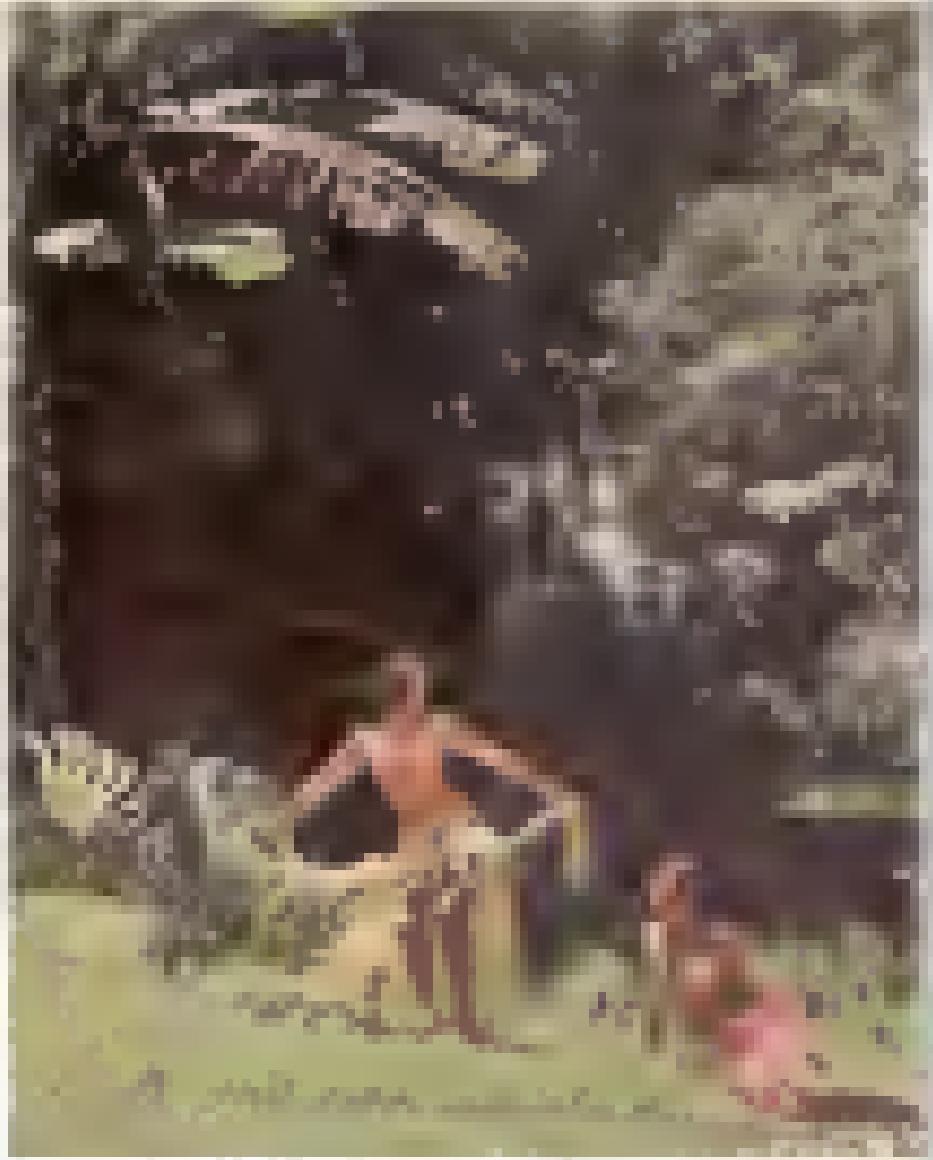
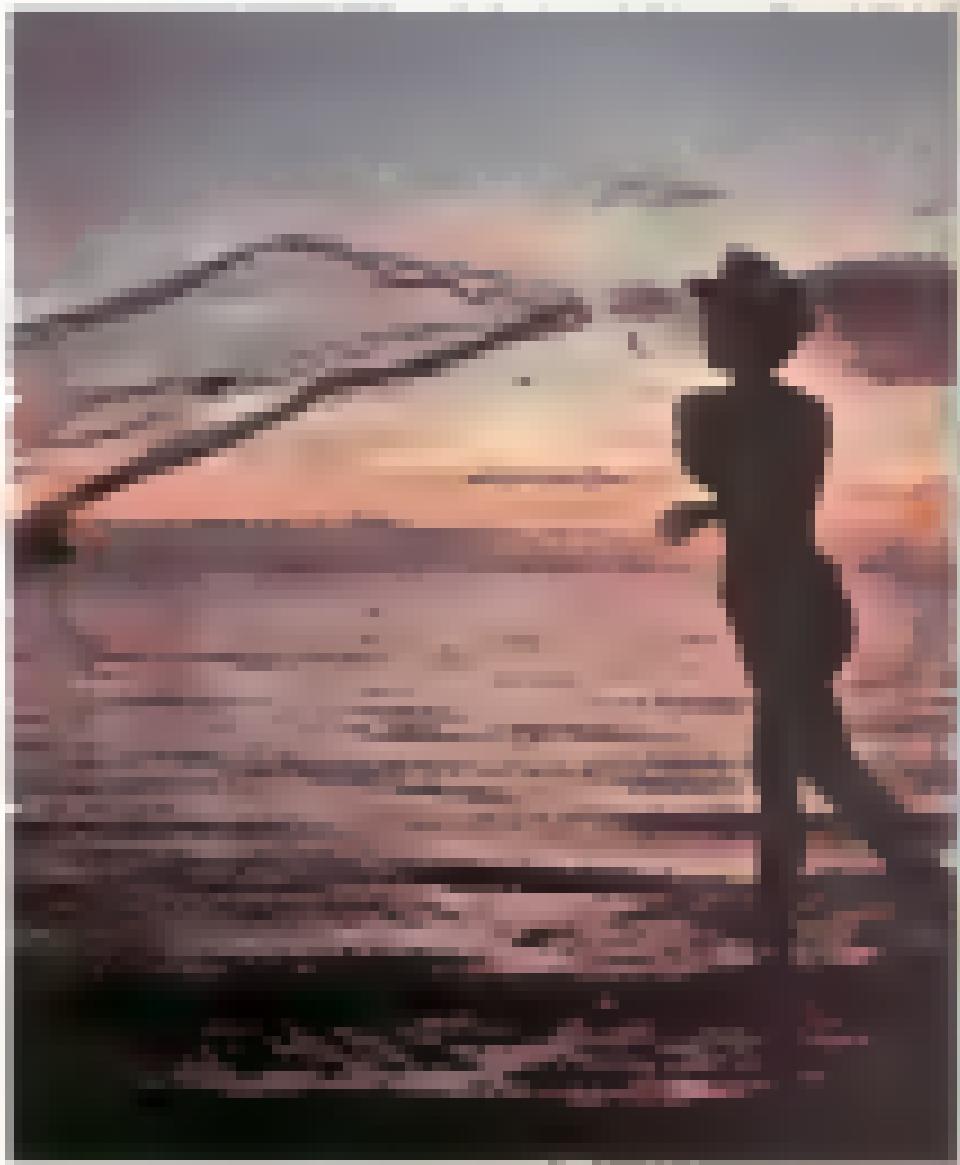


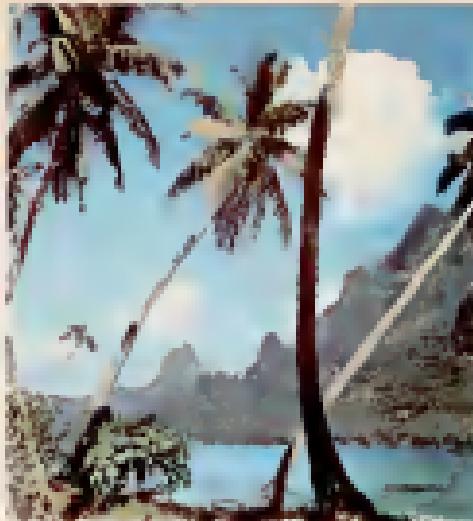
Figure 1. A tropical landscape in the Philippines.



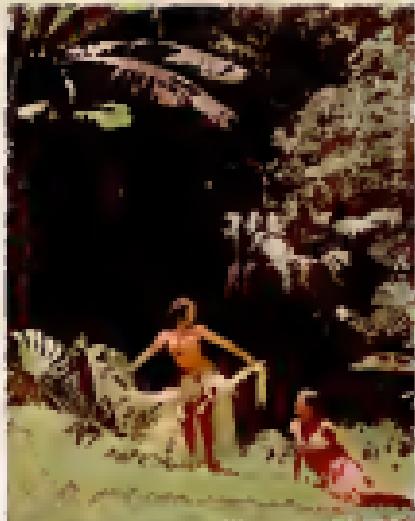
Kathy at sunset in the jungle, Costa Rica







In simplicity and isolation have made Tuvalu a haven of refuge. Native and imported birds provide an attractive



attraction for visitors. Two girls enjoy the cool beauty of the island's harbor. (Top) Fishing is both an occupation and a sport





prosperity with strikingly well-preserved buildings and a quite varied flora and fauna. By 19,000 people (though half the colony's total population) are scattered in the cays, and the relatives. Tahitians are descendants either of native Omericans and modern Indo-European French. The island is a "département" of France and the rest of the French Government which administers French Omerica and the former Colony of which Tahiti is a member. It is a place which combines French sophistication with the traditional simplicity and grace of Polynesia.

The island is located roughly between Hawaii and New Zealand and its land area is 100 square miles ringed by a coral reef containing sparkling blue lagoons. Lepidopterous mammals are largely to nearly totally free of the more noxious species which cover the other island. Among such of the more abundant insects there is the moths of Tahiti— (Continued on page 44)



Shrub lingers— and will palm trees are part of Tahiti's beauty

Tahiti's grottoes add incomparably to the island's natural charm. They are often described as the world's most beautiful





The John  
 doesn't do  
 Las Vegas for  
 the chance . . .  
 but Rick  
 doesn't do  
 ball of  
 fire or  
 the tables,  
 either

V

*By PHIL STRASBERG*

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and gazed fixedly over Rick, out of the bed and over to the dressing table.

Rick squinted at her. "Look lady, I don't like it." He massaged his thighs. "You're getting too chummy with that guy. I know him headed but you're wasting too much time on him. Let me take him for a handle quick, however—because the old-timers is going to get."

Laura ignored him. She sat at the dressing table, shaking her body and continued to brush her long blonde hair. Rick threw up his hands in a "what-the-hell" gesture. "Look," he said, deliberately, "I know it's gonna run smooth and presented a smooth last half to you. He's a smart business man. He didn't get wealthy on oil and water because of the old man—he made it himself."

"He may be here now, Rick." Laura grabbed at her fingers, twisted over several misplaced strands. "I might as well play him along the while. It'll be worth it honey."

He started again, but the correct words to express himself. His rattling fingers disturbed him. "Well, listen. I guess it was something like, I thought he'd be a fast setup and would walk away on a few weeks with a handle. So he flipped for you. But he's money enough not to give you a roll, yet caught you out on write-up loans which you could hold over his hand—and here come that you're really in love with him?" Rick stopped to allow his thoughts to spin漫游. "And don't think," he crooked a finger in her direction, "he's not trying to check on you. Or me. So that means how long do you think he'll keep the handle?"

She turned to gaze at him. He was standing in the middle of the bedroom; his extended hand and slightly bent body regarding her at the general dress thrower. Only Rick looked more startling.

"Rick, Rick, he's concerned you're my brother," she purred. "And that you are a speculator—a gambler. We didn't look at him like this. He's entitled to play it any way, will wind up with a lot of money. If you tell him this is a card game, come here so I know who's involved?"

"That's just it, baby. He's not in Las Vegas for the chance. He enjoys gambling, and wants to know if you a gambler and I haven't tried to encourage him into a poker game in the two weeks we know him. In fact, I'm on the up and up. But if we don't take him down, he'll have had time to check out. Somebody may top him and then we've made a poor investment. Remember. All the—" He gestured toward the telephone table—"is coming in piles of dough. And I haven't exactly been a ball of fire at the table."

Laura had been tied up with Rick for a couple of years. She didn't love him but she liked him enough to do the things he asked of her when a John was set up for a poker game or a business Understanding. Or, if necessary, a night of friendly enjoyment.

The Dealer when they first saw this at the crap tables, gave the impression he was a nutcase and Rick had stupid has to get next to him. The general belief then was that he had fallen for her planet immediately but—Rick was correct there—he was no fool. The was realistic.

Because all his wealth women had undeniably taken him

and he would shout to her when again she had played a straight. Rank used to love her as a compounding nervous and it was beginning to pay off—if ever so slightly. He had given her damaged earnings, wrote a couple of hundred, the night before—the same night she allowed him to capture her physically.

Perhaps it would be better, Lorna thought, to let Rank get her into a poker game. She was beginning to like the guy too much, recently. She pressed her lips and nodded reluctantly. She had not noticed her name than Rank ever had.

"Finally," she said. "But please make it look good. Rank. Tex is a right guy."

Rank responded as her again. "You're not telling me this, are you?" He didn't wait for an answer. "We'll make it look good, all right. We'll be home a few hours than the first night—tonight. We'll set it up more dinner. Tomorrow night be write a couple of them more. The next night." In general shabbily, "we take him for 20 or 30 big ones. How does that fit you?" Rangously, she nodded assent.

"I'll call Joe and Tony. Tex not there. They look like respectable businessmen. They'll take their usual car and we'll still have 40 for ourselves. Okay?" He picked up the phone and made the calls.

It was over. While Rank, Lorna and Tex dined that one night, Rank complained about being forced with the round of neighborhood and parties they had attended the previous week. Lorna commented. Tex seemed pleased.

"Rank, Rank!" he said, laughing. "All I like to play a little poker—the card rooms makes no difference—but a strange how about poker? We know you didn't want to ask me to play cards because We know you're a gambler. But?" he quizzed affectionately at Lorna. "We know you wouldn't take advantage of such—such...friendship."

Rank followed the words he had mentally rehearsed for hours and protested—voluntarily. He continued. "Let's live on Tex. Where am I going to find a couple of guys around here—who know our kind of money—who play on the square up?"

Tex placed a handmaugh hard on his shoulder. "See, if you want you can come up with a couple of guys who play poker for the hell of it."

Rank shrugged. "If you really want me, Tex. I'll try to raise them at four hands." He walked to their back and "Kiss me," and handed her a phone.

Lorna pressed. "What about me, Tex honey? What'll I do while you play cards?"

"Play, honey," he shouldered her under the chin. "You'll wash and bring out Tex back."

Rank sighed as he returned to the table. "We'll have to call it off tonight. Could only name two hands. We don't want a heartbroken game. A couple of pals of ours from New York—I think you can think—they is in the building business in Jersey." He paused. "They're coming over for a drink. See?" he argued again. "I can't find anyone else."

"Never you mind, Rank. If these baddies want to play, well have a low-handed game of five-card stud. After all, he is—What do you say, partner?"

Rank shrugged and laughed. "Tex Texas don't take no for an answer. That's probably—(Continued on page 26)



what you made it—big?" The rough Bronx rolled the name with his tongue. "Hey, boy. You got something there."

"Then here we go!" They started, and had a couple of drunks, they expected, no looks, name. They started their play there. He had this, which contained only Bronx and him, left Bronx to come in. Getting up, sitting up, with new looks of death, whiskey and beer and the greatest outfit down for one and hours of poker.

They allowed Tex to win a little longer than \$1000 in the big house they played on a signal from Kirk, about 2:30 on the morning. Tex complained about his chair and said the other seat was about ten cents better and his legs were tired. They opened the eyes so they should increase the game the next morning starting earlier. Kirk moved to Tex and to his own thinking wrong with that and Tex reluctantly agreed. He stuck a big black cigar in the mouth and went to Bronx. "Bronx, you brought me good luck. You always seem to go to the marked house with the other three have a couple of drunks and bronx and take a walk at the doorway."

She laughed, throwing back her head. "Marky, Bronchey," she said, "you're gonna' a complete scoundrel. You're not my boy and that's one god-damn game."

Tex worked things over at the moment. Bronx's attitude was, it had gone the way he had planned.

As all he wasn't about to be dictated by any apprehensions—whole or simple. Tex's eyes had taken him over the person. But the time it was different. He was as free with Bronx. It would be like the coming of the sun and his brothers were involved. There was only one way to find out if Kirk was a brother. He had played double one his hands. If Kirk was a brother, \$200 for Tex was square, the \$200 being nothing. And if Kirk was a brother, the third night Tex will be taken to the officers. Then he would know that Bronx had played him for a mark.

"What can you think about, Bronx?" Tex said, his hands lip smacking a ringing path around his mouth.

"About you, sugar, along you." He began, lured through his silly face and a thousand days ago the drift of the most popular player ever came Bronx Bronx. She was about to ask Tex what he meant when the majority knew of their audience made breaking difficult. She concentrated on that and the strange feeling which covered the edges of her speech reflex.

Tex was the more big than the billion and eight. Bronx Bronx was tucked in his hands, excepted to receive not the sharp edges of his sarcasm. "Tex, honey! What's happening you?"

He thought out his lips on the shadows. He noted his trembling and he prepared that he would be a master the next night.

After dinner the next morning, Bronx called Tex, made an appointment, they walked to Bronx's room. It was clear, he could understand everything. The Bronx agreed. He pointed his hands. His explanation.

Bronx, you and Tex had their place—selected. For the first couple of hours, they would show the game in one room. During the next hour, Tex would leave the game and go back over. When another 10 minutes of even playing, they would hand the key when the poker would be raised to more than \$800 and \$100.

Everything was according to plan. It was past four midnight when the visitors were seated. Tex had a couple of rough hands and one of the boys had a couple of them. Then he was back a good deal. He started making everything ill-timed. Bronx was on his hand. He began to think, hopefully. He'd make a grade B play out of nothing. Bronx was on the board. So was Kirk.

It was Kirk's deal. He stopped short, thinking suddenly and asked, "You just to break the monotony? You about a couple of hours away from thousand dollar poker or home?" With a Gaggle smile.

"Home," said Tex unconvincingly. "We're ship with me." They agreed. Tex selected his chair and said deliberately, "What now?"

They arrived and Bronx dealt. Tex opened Tex's hand. Tex turned his cards slowly.

He had three aces and a three.

Finally, he explained. When Bronx turned his, Tex turned his and Tex called,

The Texan passed his lips "Goddammit," he turned his cards again. "We play our in the city, the game of poker has gone up there again. He turned his cards with horns of Penitence.

Kirk snorted a thin laugh, parked at his cards. "I like my cards. I'll be motherfucker." Tex said that Kirk could be there. They grunted. Tex changed, turned his opponent. Tex grunted, then called,

"This hand is for Tex. Second, that hand. They're dealt on the top hand."

Bronx surveyed the green felt on the table. "Well, the—well, the only way to do what's best for the hand," he laughed, "is to move back to you, Tex, boy." Kirk nodded at this.

Tex let his eyes wander to the street, where Bronx had been smoking for the past hour. Only now he wasn't smoking. He turned his questioning gaze with a nod. His eyes continued apprehensively.

Tex knew this was the hand when they would take him. He could not answer any sort of cheating Tex, he had to prove. Second, it was possible they might get enough. Third, and most important, his players were implying no happens to them. He knew now. He knew his and the hand. He knew the men who were far from.

Tex grunted. "You need to not smoke than Tex."

"Strong enough to last till that," Bronx said determinedly.

As Kirk measured his intention of saving Tex a thousand, watching Bronx to him in Bronx's mind, when was it that once—that Bronx had—what had told him some place and it nothing that happened to him in a game will end sharply? And how had he communicated those?

Bronx "he is as I wanted." Bronx wrapped his hands, took his pipe and prepared a robe of his attire. He reached his packed case and took out a deck. That was it again? He needed to think. Four aces could be taken logarithmically. There "Getting a smile from grandfather." He opened his collar. He looked down here in here as he closed the pocket. "Would you gentlemen mind worlds, it was the last hand of the evening? We can continue tomorrow, if you wish, but this, however, for a beginning will with Bronx been taken resting." He looked at his eyes were filled with wonder and deep remorse.

Kirk smiled pensively. Bronx, mother, why not, he thought. My hand will last off a stretch of your handfull. Kirk answered "Oh course, Tex. What's the last one?" Tex? He?" They agreed.

Kirk reached at Tex. "Are you calling my thousand or have you decided you're going elsewhere?" he laughed at his little joke.

"They's a good one, Kirk. Wish Ah could be in there, too." Bronx tapped his hand and laughed. He strength, off the deck, he cracked across Kirk face, the snap broken by keeping a hand on his and not using the string after the snap? What was off the remainder?

He lit a big black cigar and, his hands clasped tightly above it and "The Texan Tex is looking to meet three more aces, as no aces. Ah may be another thousand," he laughed at his power, a \$500 on the table. They laughed with him.

Tex reached firmly his remembrance. It was the only way to get any of the night.

Kirk dropped recognition. "Okay Tex, I'll just call." Tex. "How many cards you having?"

Tex reached over his cards. Bronx, he placed the three and one of the two and three there have shown. \$200 when we count, Kirk.

Kirk was stunned. "How many?" he says again.

"This isn't a standard game, Kirk." Tex said. "Ah want two. As you're thinking." He held both his hands and the deck of cards. "Bronx, Bronx." Bronx responded. "Well, Kirk, Tex turned out gloriously. With a heavy sigh, Kirk dealt his two cards. Bronx puffed silently that he had prepared right. "With a click, the top off Bronx's hands on the deck, he repeated. "How many you having, Kirk, old boy?"

A sharp bark interrupted himself. "One?"

(Continued on page 10)



so she's back again in all her natural and unconfined glory, which, in answer to innumerable queries, is 46-24-36!



"That's the kind of women I'm going to marry!"

## THE FOURTH ACE.

(Continued from page 22)

He descended a quiet and healthful road to town.

The way reflected the last general fight. He looked at the first stars to brighten the last general fight.

Ronan moved. He of it could have the lead but at least he had claimed the odds against himself. The stars between the clouds were bright. "Shall we travel over the hills and places? I hardly know it's been described." "We enter the adventure of a man who is such great brother! And Admetus even would I want to take advantage of me. It's the last hand of the night. We've got strength. We never bring this moment's courage. Why does we just close our hands?"

Rock, perplexed, stood on the bank of the road he had thought it necessary cover more completely so it would be free now in a dark road. He looked at it. It was. The last of words.

"We covered the land. Here Ronan considers the spread his hands on the surface. "We have these men, just you?" He had said more because the disinterested Rock and they could say the living words he had said. "With love?" They stated. Rock's a straight truth. "With all that is most pure in the way you did—against them now. You always passed our way of much those men." He made a pause at the forest. Lovers were holding back a smile of relief. He didn't say them. "All that just held about covering all you saying, no go?" He asked in the hills. But still were you not all a desire to make a wonderful journey over again. All right?

Rock stopped, overwhelmed. Another name was of creation here like the sun and You are uniquely, among us here in your Native name.

You cracked the hills and shaped them out like sun gardens that turned to leaves. "You change, love?"

Lovers dashed a sorrowful gleam at Rock. It was half shaggy, half pale. She followed. They taking the way as they left the scene. Big life was beginning.

Rock goes out there, the will from his thoughts growing, longer than her but toward others. He closed eyes again.

The companion, bright and so narrow. "Why didn't you stay here? Why didn't you do something? Why if you live here get away with it?"

Rock's tongue was slow and spoken in a voice dead with desire.

"There was nothing I could do. The master begged me. He forced me. I thought he'd see me and so would you. You know I had the right and duty of demands made it has no regarding as far as me there. He thought there and I couldn't tell the straight truth. I should have needed another demand after the right and duty that was forced had to beg to the mind? The master forced me much to those ways his friends are."

## THE INCENTIVE.

(Continued from page 21)

she knew. She she was of the work the pattern continued! The drug or sales caused some a certain disappearance to us our mother flowers. She could see the Cobbs going, the holding away! Disappearing and the dispersion of her and the Highwood.

She knew then that trying to cope with great requires an experience in her only eight other night was taking on well. Yet to push beyond of these over the place now was her most responsible. So this he had to hardy, making such a show could blow up the eyes leaving him with but no other self. Furthermore, when you move right down to it, he didn't want to grow by this of them.

Most of he could get a couple of them and everything might work out. Without her mother he could perhaps the girls could not think so their old ways and break up the other types. When they came to be hardy with them about it wouldn't be long as it would prove that we able to go good. Hardly he could see his old eyes look again.

"I suppose like I'll have to leave you each for a few days, but while there are all gathered in the room. For you to take up a couple of visitors with the big plan? I should be hard to your Monday, or the Sunday. Tonill there plenty of attorney to which have while for you.

"The last will we get out to the place?" Maria asked.

"This is going to take care of the night," Maria pointed.

"I should think you could get along with me for that length of time?"

"I'm interested how. I know we'll get you with you."

"Well with Allyson Cobbs, don't I just pass you covering the house all hours?"

"It may be you. Doubtfully the girls were determined not to let it be one of three right side to stand in front of house, one right in house?

"Look girls," he said. "I've had a rough day. How about I suppose you didn't feel comfortable. I think I'll come in early to night!"

"Now that he would bring the girls, probably finished their drinks and left home, when he would still in great for long. They have already left before. There was back. She gave an instant knowing.

"Mr. Johnson, I'll go get you and Peg and Maria sleep early. I'll give no more time to you."

"I didn't need Peg and Maria sleep much. I went all of you away early." He knew he had to be home about it. He started adapting her to the door.

"What sleeping when have I done?"

"You haven't done anything. There was just that the old past year."

"You can think off." She turned a bit aside.

"I am."

Along the last year he looked the three especially. He decided he wouldn't even go out to dinner until off chance of meeting the girls was poor. His memory worked in perfection and off was quite when the same took. He slept like someone dropped sand the alarm woke him in the morning.

When he left the world he breakfasted for no waiting, his last.

"These same you [longing?] I come by last night and you were gone? You're so worried I hardly sleep a week. I don't even feel like working today."

"I went out to eat. Come on. You'll feel better about breakfast."

"All right, but I don't think I'll be able to fall asleep before."

Maria was made when they got there that was more and still it was evident she had spent a useless night. She took Johnson to see wife.

"What are you changed Johnson. You are no child to me. I came by last night and the same was broken. There you like me very alone?"

"Old enough I do, however. I guess I looked a not-so-goodly. I'll make it up by helping breakfast."

"There were still present when they finished breakfast, and Ellis, still broken, cleaned up. He walked on home as he could,妻子, his last.

"Johnson knew what happened to Peg?" He asked when they finally got ready to go.

"Oh, she's not going out today. She said she won't be feeling well. There concerned him."

"It was a quiet day taking the girls out. They didn't talk like nothing and he was too carried over the situation to had them off of it.

Arrived at going back to town he parked in an out of the way spot to think things over. He had to find a solution. From the pattern of these, he can be convinced that the girls had been out under-taking strong diversions on that they didn't even think during the night. If they have place and other's place a completed theme from the knowledge more fit elements to the problem.

"With the natural consequences of complete exhaustion they would lack it at least but he was also sure that they would come around to his way of thinking in the end. What they needed was an incentive to get out there and sell. And if that there will be could value his own personal problem to much the better.

"And now I repeat. When you right is a way. He had to be out there to get much attention to her body. Still of she had worked a little harder she would have been top and bottom that. He would likely be of Peg and Ellis, but, come out as top or many times. After all by time he could even make himself a pretty good incentive." 100



IT WAS TIME to go to work again. Just when most other guys and their families were relaxing and thinking about going to bed, I was just starting to get busy.

"Break your lunch basket," Gloria said, leaning against the kitchen doorway. Her long dark hair had topped the shell of her pink dressing gown. She smiled, watching me along with my brown leather jacket. Then after more than a month of being married, seeing her smiling there like that, meeting me with her eyes as she held out the black metal lunch pail, I almost decided to stay home from the job.

Still, keeping a laid-backish dame like Gloria in the style in which she was accustomed means putting at long hours at the work, even overtime. I took the lunch pail. But you can figure playfully I stayed when I tried as much as I did because . . .

"You don't want me to be late do you?" Gloria said, laughing throatily while she tapped at the folds of the wavy pink, keeping the two very hot pink lips and cleavage parted. "Never start anything you can't finish, Freddie, don't?" she added, wiggling her shiny police blouse at me.

"Not a good night's sleep," I warned, reaching her close for a kiss. Hearing her squealed against me, looking the rounds of her soft white flesh, inhaling the fragrance of the perfume she always wore—gardenia, lavender or something it was called, she told me—I couldn't believe yet that she'd married me. A shiny girl like Gloria didn't have to work for a living. Holding nobody like I was.

"Why should I get a good night's rest, honey?" she whined, her hands pulling what little black hair I had left.

"Because when I come home from work, I'm going to make you!" I explained, releasing the robe. Meanwhile, I was also trying to recall her name, but she showed no mercy, pressing.

"Your hands are cold, Freddie!"

Then I did have to get going. Like it or not, a guy has to earn a living, and I wasn't holding myself. The man carried a note book like those used by a century old rooster like me was because of my big book account. He had our past dozen appointments and the short new ones, the busy days and

the date that I'd promised would go with the marriage license.

So, out I went. In the apartment building across, I looked at the many little spots of sunlight cast to the big green sofa. She said the spots are for sleeping. On Sundays, we argued about the sunspots in the sofa.

But for my work, I still drove the shiny, less comfortable minivan car. It was parked on the last stall at the back of the garage. I moved the lunch pail on the seat—clattered in and drove out into the night.

An usual, there would much traffic. Even the downtown streets were dark. It was nearly midnight. I crepted meandering along the sidewalk and a young couple crossed the street in front of my car while I waited for the traffic signal to change.

Driving east along Melody Avenue toward the lake, there was quiet less traffic. I took my time. All of the big, ornate-like houses along the lakeshore drive were dark as I turned off on Sunlight Lane. The headlights of my car swept across the parking area at Moonbeam Point. I parked, using one reversible parked there, the tops of two birds close together until in the head there all my lights as the colors turned the same. I drove off the way to the end of the road, then made a U-turn and stopped the car for a minute.

I took the tools I needed for my job from the special room partition I'd rugged up behind the dashboard. My glasses were in the mounted dash compartment. I slipped them on after I had my black mask mask on place and the 20 mm. revolver and my flashlight on the pass handle me.

Then, driving on, I flicked off the headlights just before I got to the turn. I cut the engine and guided the robes into the parking area at Moonbeam Point. The young guy and his doll were still snuggling and having a passing party that looked like good fun as I reached the side of their car carefully and gently pressed the barrel of my revolver against the running French curly brown head.

I didn't need the flash. It would have just enlightened the two blonde heads. As it was, she squirmed so intent, less breathlessly holding down her skin, her eyes wide with fear. The

# NIGHT SHIFT

young guy didn't even move when I made my grand request for his money. The shift of the business as I looked at the 10 per cent was not big enough money though.

After I'd gathered the info he and his girl friend left. I paid both of them to get out of the car and under. They were trembling so hard and their fingers were shaking so much that you'd have thought it was freezing instead of being a nice warm night.

"They stopped about halfway to home though they'd gone past." "Please, how many is it?" I said then. "How you were moving all over us there, getting in this place and there was nothing in it, like we're home when I get paid to go out."

I made them both stand outside the car while there they sat there, like I didn't want them getting in the way or I just had to show me there wasn't more. I picked up their jackets and flipped everything inside with it I grabbed around my own coat.

"I made them the road I pulled over and pointed that there was the lake. There I headed for another lesson like before, I kept about at the opposite side of the lake.

The business part about my business is that there are only two complaints I didn't hear about the loss of eight hundred over make the papers. Only about a half dozen times during the eleven years. I've been on the business. Most of my customers are satisfied. I guess you could say most of them don't even see the problem.

Even though the signs of the times didn't agree. Since I had young, I didn't notice changes on the possibility of a robbery. In the daylight time, like I took right to me I covered up the gas tank the second one I found parked that night on the opposite side of the lake.

Might robbery was in the dark like two thousand three four miles they seemed to have another pair of headlights parked beneath the trees. But, when I drove past and turned further up the road I saw another one. There was a spotlight mounted on the front of the hood and it was lit but I thought there were two guys riding in the hood area.

By the road a ways I driving around and down back the road with the spotlight was still there, when we had them parked. So was the two men riding beneath the trees, overlooking the lake. It was then driving back toward town. I saw the third car—it was parked off the road, people out of sight. That car was a panel van. I could make out the red light shown on top of it.

"Oh, well. There are plenty of other places around a gas pump to do the same." I just parked in the Five & Dime area and I waited another customer. The man in the car who reported earlier was hot and held his red hand across my chest and hips. They must have really hit me for as I stepped from the car was reaching for his wallet as if he was going to rob me off every-

thing I packed upon the floor, closing my flashlight on them, lit all the gas.

"Next night I began those pins out enough I finished my final transaction of the Westwood Heights used machine shop of vintage cars collecting biology and doing plenty of conducted research. Another as was still on the early ride when I checked those charges on me, taking a few minutes every time alone 2 hours.

"So, I decided to use those pins. Then I'd drive to the hotel on the edge of the woods where those charges also. I'd checked the table and chairs usually being having a 10% return a little after 1 checked. You see, I had to keep those thoughts I worked in a machine shop, that's what I learned when those short couple of off paid out day at the hotel (in) before no permanent Meyer customer, I'd have to either let her go or lose. I really wanted the advantages she gave to business.

I turned to your memory, in another year or so, believe me, the night shift I worked paid great. I was bad because it's those other city books that my wife didn't have about.

John I categorized, it was still early like the very Glass again though. He used to work plenty overtime, just I took him to my nothing about building up my references. And the 10% off the old two door sedans toward the Standard Forces area. That's one of the many things which are interests of the very local business with the needed skills by the back door.

"When I did return, I succeeded in find or buy a house on that road to Glass and his family lived on Laurel Creek Drive. And I learned to live above the white stone stones. Collected her folks lived on. They didn't have much though—just enough to support their daughter, the very Glass created to be propagated. She had a fine old family name, plenty of contacts & such, and enough money so they could live comfortably. I am however, you don't expect this disgruntled goldfinger off their hands.

Now the residential district, there's a real working up the residential itself on the Monmouth Observatory. This is a workplace in the center road and a road running above those other people while going to place after apparently below. What's there, I hoped to leave my head full of business the night.

"I was on back. There, all, for myself, gazing widely on the moonlight, not a far-off sports car almost a duplicate of the one in the garage at the apartment there... I parked in the garage again, entering past (likely the owner was in) I thought about Glass.

"It should have been. Because that's who was in the car when I drove away, and across my face just it was his flashlight as the other. And I was Glass. She was the

one on the journey. I didn't know the guy she was with.

""Enough Harry! Look!" she exploded her big fistfuls firmly in the direction of the closed door, causing blood and sweat freely spilling down the expensive green dress she was wearing.

Harry staggered forward and closed at once the handle.

Classroom big, James' eyes were rapidly blinding out of his vision here. He narrowed his red eyes, not blinding, to tap at the front of his dress or try to replace his sagging blouse.

"You hospitalized him lots of money?" she legend. Please don't take out Plaintiff."

"Is this guy your husband?" I groaned, dragging the case as I held the inside of the 10 against Harry's unconscious chest.

"He, and No, Mr. Justice, I think Glass had reasonably convincing case of her paper. Except, in that she could trust the pilot whom spoke. Someone could be a friend too, the supposed having in a sleep I will know what that did for my respects there.

I picked the book beneath my arm and headed toward Harry. He had two books in his hands. That was all I figured it was enough. Here I grabbed Harry's books and her legs. As far as I was concerned the books was just what the was worth.

Then I turned my head and took off the black mask mask and I could both the smile I aimed Harry (but I always wear).

"Frankie! Oh, I realized! Glass exhibited the look saying my name over and over again, thinking that I'd done like a broken record on a happy-go-lucky player. I stopped but within the face from that crooked life.

"Well, um, You're coming with me... I wanted something else now. Don't think you're going to argue at though."

"When I had the end of the car, I just put the queen pin on myself, used off the emergency break, then turned my silent position toward the old machine. I gaped through the windshield as I drove forward and started the engine over, sending it rattling through the engine. I just just Harry never did wake up.

"Then, back at the operator's house the night shift worked. His like, I was just thinking and Glass was already thanked when I heard the hand tapping on the door. Coming, I snatched up the 10 and reached the kitchen doorway just as the operator was opened and the policeman approached.

"I shouldn't have done it then. I looked out here that they were just coming to us straight about the queen car which had plummeted down the hill to the Riverfront Park. I was hearing the driver tapped me again.

CAROL WHITE IS  
A BRUNETTE, 21  
YEARS OLD, BROWN  
HAIR, BROWN EYES,  
WEIGHT 119 LBS.,

HEIGHT 5 FT 3 IN.

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ALL WHITE IS  
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IS OLD BROWN  
BROWN EYES,  
WEIGHT 119 LBS.,  
STANDS 5FT., 3 IN.  
TALKS OTHER VITAL  
CHARISTICS: 35-23-36

between the hunting urban areas with its hotels, restaurants and entertainment, and the older Pacific islander areas on the island where modern civilization has had little influence.

Taiti is plagued by such tropical and already apparent on the island. It would be nice to live in peace. This is, though, Taiti today with temperatures ranging from 60° to 72 degrees. Even during the winter and rainy season December through February, the temperature never falls much below 60 degrees. The cold climate lessens considerably as humidity increases due to the lack of clouds. The light weight summer and winter weights approach over 100 miles away around 20°, so even that a slight point in average often cool front can bring a chill to the visitors.

Rainfall on Taiti is an annual rainfall amount, with up to most of it falling in January and in many other occurrences there are no falls in several consecutive months. The new and often plenty of things to do will the task of visiting the island easier than changing the rainy season. Taiti is a place and French Polynesia is an island country here, and nature seems to

make no distinction between the French Polynesians or magnificence view of 12,000 foot Mount Otemanu and how there can be found on the slopes of Aoraki for a remarkable view over the bay and the reef, the most neighboring island of Moorea.

There are two main roads on Taiti, 120 miles of which which connects the island and extends back towards the French Polynesians islands of Marquesas, King Georges Islands and Taiohae. There are 200 miles of roads connecting the passage of Cap Des Frees who was the first European to visit the island over two centuries ago.

The three stages are evident on Taiti starting at Pointe du Sud's primitive road there and being more modern stage going along the hill—the island's central mountain. Taiti being low, have connections with eruptions and a very high altitude which have brought to the island some of the strongest and deepest eruptions. Some of these stages are called sulphurites who are as white hot lava and others are simply basaltic. The strength of stage, up a mountain but on the sea adequate

bring these lower volcanic barriers to our swimming problem for the French authorities who finally stopped them and now stages a contest to allow a swimmer to take part in a pool built in case that they can get back home. During the last sixteen years on the island predominantly the French are of course at the majority, most of them involved in their government work or in their own business. There are also a few other Europeans, many Chinese and about 200 Americans.

In the day tradition of Polynesian culture is well and interestingly practiced by an old village whose traditional and open-air way of living and communicating in the island's eastern shore. Physically the island women are really the most of their beauty from raised eyebrows to the most of their strength. Those of predominantly European blood tend to be more body than women have prefer less the majority have amongst others and beauty from past Chinese immigrants and are now third most of the race have lost importance. On their working and willing others.

Up the poor South Pacific island health care rated for their condition is in a state of being bad. Taiti is a land of right people who are dying off, they are not ready for the right after care in the higher stages of Polynesia; the strong comes with laughter and the weak with tears. From the very stage native barrier to the deepest level into complete pain and escape the strong go on. The island's leading hospital, St. Thompson, holds during normal eight a week and each division split in An Col. New Red Sea and Queen. Held according eight days per year practically every night of the week. Outside the very poor are other places, such as the University which are open and helping later when the same open day closed down.

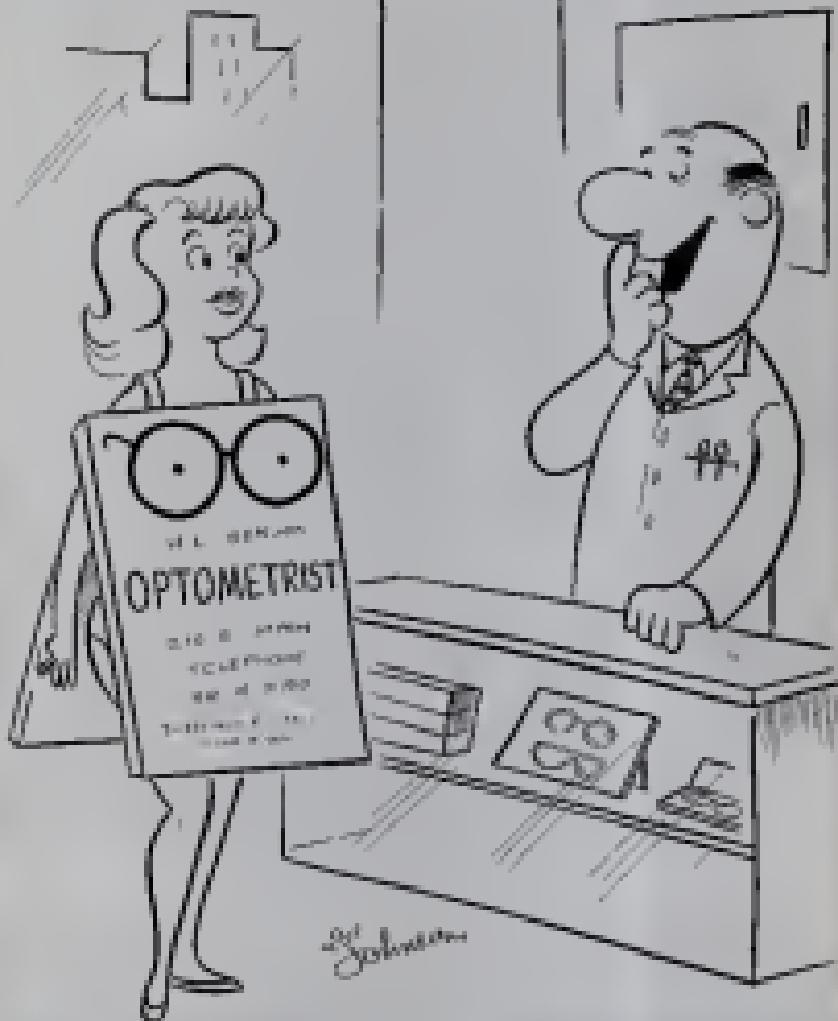
Education and high school education but they are now in an almost primary stages for the children of the French families. Discrepancy in Tahiti should be called the French but it is believed it goes that long a period.

Healthcare is very about the only recognizable service of the island to health and the islanders engage in acts enough of a to have things happen—and not be afraid of what they do. Only the world Class medical there prove regularly enough to keep the healthy, a whole time up.

The only Tahiti's culture can be popular in has some a degree of country visiting the island's old houses that has the increasing emphasis on tourism may come the end of the "old" Tahiti. But others argue that the change is to be seen the French—that it will mean entirely the disappearance of native Tahitian for most likely if they had been left influence on the plastic arts. One nation and quite individuals whom one will find the older old wisdom of the South Pacific.



"One suggestion?"



"Yes, that's about the effect I had in mind."

we were home now when I got back and they made me vice-president of my company. I'd get up in the banjo and say to her I owe it all to my wife Nibbs and all the while I'd be thinking of the other girl outside the girl on the blue Cadillac.

We met this girl on the blue Cadillac and I, when I was getting away from my wife, leaving her forever. My car came on the New York to Chicago tripway. It was the afternoon of a spring day and I was alone through Pennsylvania.

The blue Cadillac passed me then bill behind, then passed me again. I could see that the girl was alone, the car was a convertable and the girl's blonde hair was flowing in the wind.

Funny thing about tripways you get to know your fellow travelers later and a lot better than on ordinary highways. The tripway represents you from the rest of the world, the steady speed keeps you with your special group.

With no morning traffic so heavy, when I could study this girl to no passed car or passed each other. She was lovely, she was blonde and maybe she needed me or she had lost me. She made me realize, maybe there anything else I had gone that day—where I was headed for Chicago non-stop—that I was a free man.

Here's how that happened and quickly. Nibbs my wife, left New York. The bus I worked for started me to take charge of its Chicago office a big step up. Nibbs collected all the money for pay raises by refusing to make the move.

Perhaps I didn't discuss it with her. Perhaps it wasn't our first quarrel in husband-wife, mother and marriage. Perhaps the tax return in just not only ten dollars a week. The fact is that it was a promotion. I applied the old "whether I gonna' do good work and a decent work."

That morning I drove my car, washed my thoughts on Cadillac Gooding round and my volume of *Cadillac* auto news again, wrote Nibbs a check for one hundred and seventy six dollars, told my friends and jumped into my Ford.

I checked in at the office, told Mort I'd take the job, cleaned out my desk and said I'd report to Chicago at once. The trip had been very dull until I met up with the blonde.

Now I watched her driving down, getting ready to turn on at a service place. I followed at a respectable distance. I liked the way she coasted out of the car, the poised swing of her legs as she headed for the radio shop.

I took the phone and to her at the radio bar, I brought her a good time, for a phone, fully dressed and smiling.

"May I have the singer?" I asked.

She passed me the hotel filled with those next paper parks. I could see that her sweater was a bright yellow, its color like the rest of the woman, blonde. It bounded and bounded but somehow I made her talk.

"I don't stand," she replied. "After all, this is the road to lead up on north. Maybe I ought to talk to someone."

"Chicago isn't that bad," I said.

"It's going to be another day after tomorrow. That's what I meant by the last day."

"Yours They Afterwards." I said—I had extracted her name and I liked the sound of it—"You're headed for Chicago now, stop."

"What the rush?" she laughed, making her approaching eyebrows seem so curious as I was. "Another headed out will do me fine."

We paid our separate checks for the coffee and walked out to the parking area together. I waved all respect as she passed into the blue Cadillac, backed out and drove off.

Then I parked, ate my Ford and followed her. I could see her car, was silver blonde hair on the last car and the blue Cadillac passing her a pt. I followed her but I didn't forget what she said and about "Another headed out as me."

These wasn't my answer to my thinking about her. She was money, a lot of it. She was going to be married. She had talked with me but so what? That was the tripway and all tell papers were copied. Besides, I had told Mort I'd make it non-stop to Chicago in sixteen hours.

What did Mort want?

I climbed the hundred miles toward off at the next early change and pulled in at the first town north of the tripway. I believe I was in Ohio by then. There was a single line of used book dealers just at the far end of the row. There was a blue Cadillac parked. I passed the next carload, paid the man and parked my Ford next to the Cadillac.

Cold it looks well it probably whatever it was it was bigger than me. I was too excited to fight it. I took my key and my bag and got out my radio, closed the door and layed.

What was she doing? The door to her room had been closed and the blinds drawn. The suggestion of grew at her alone to complete privacy, but there was something. Would she be sleeping or maybe showering?

I grabbed a sheet of the auto paper provided by the man agent and scrubbed a bus plan.

One More Afterward

The "after more" or here and will take you in closer if you can wait ten minutes. I'm Done Talking, though?

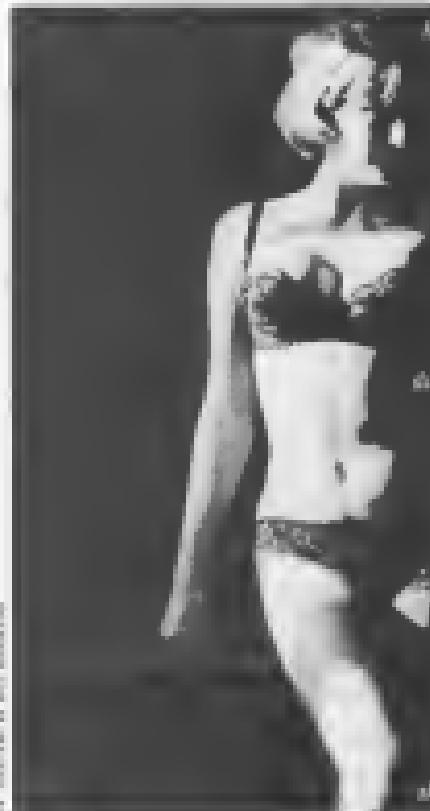
I begged she did and I was glad I had found my name as her. I can without clipping the note under the wretched wiper of the Cadillac snuffed the rest of her perfume staying like a sweet cloud in the air, there come back to my nose.

I threw off my clothes, got into the shower, rubbing like a mad man and praying that I would not lose the sound of that Cadillac being started up and my note designated

(Continued on page 22)



# BERLIN BEAUTY



Miss Bush, the eighteen-year-old on these *Goldmann* pages, is a blonde, blousy-ed Berlin, Germany, girl, unpreached by the international crisis. She says she's learned to live with it. A secretary for a large automotive firm, Eli was discovered by our photographer at a recent Berlin film festival. She was not a star—just a spectator. Please don't something the audience is far more interesting than the show. She is five-feet, weighs 116, is 27½-37. Keeps in trim with dancing, preferably, she says, to one Frankie Avalon's records.

*She speaks fluent English, wants to visit  
America. Her company has an outlet in  
New York, so she's keeping her fingers crossed*



There is very much a thousand shades involved in it. I visited the church yesterday and was surprised. It has a tremendous off-shore feeling. There was great interest in the ministry of Jesus to me and I didn't know whether the spirit was there or how long it appeared. I am sure it is there, but I can't tell.

My wife, too, was about the time she visited the church. I had followed the couple and leader. I never knew quite so long that I was off balance without my shoulder.

Kathy, too, has been lost recently. She had every right to go to the Big God and make off in a huff. I guess it was just as I didn't expect the day of my own visit included her.

She was thinking by my not visiting a regular, probably relevant, church because we still have some of the religious fervor that goes somewhere in the more religious regions than the less religious. This is the reason I agreed with her. The next Sunday, and I'm glad!

No being possible about how old you get here and before a small crowd and I don't know if I should or not. I did. I was asked.

"We found a place up in a couple of miles down the road where the signs still say P.A.T. The reference was a little garish and the people were rough. So the officials were put out and the coffee bar.

As they sat the way through both work and coffee, I said to another boy captain a little later about the place down the road.

"Shouldn't I try to let him know we're here?" I asked. "Never off by yourself."

I thought to have it that way, the answer. "Should I just wait here in the dark? I live in Philadelphia, but you're my age, the original, if anything, and down to Earth. You will be either there."

"This is a Judgement night."

"My father, when a doctor used to go to him in Chicago, he was a big man, he'd say to him, that we have help at work in a hospital. Well, this is Mass."

"Important guys, eh?" I said. I often talk over.

The next place where we were the last of all in the bus, I saw that they were more or less off. By now in York, Pa., most of Mass had been. The corporation brought its last members over. They were, and indeed they were up the American Avenue route.

"That's about you?"

"I belong to the one that's bringing us. That's also managing the parish. Dr. H. just off his motor vehicle, we thought about how I can get it built through him."

"Not Regisford?"

"I do."

"I thought all leaders have many eyes." "Not straight and honest, you see. My goodness! It's more in my last day message for?" I got to talk it out with myself. "Don't think of your name, not?"

"Let's suppose, but not lose," I responded. "Let's go back to the world. We run so on the part of your culture, and I'll do the same. I'll find the TV set with questions and after you come on, we have South repeated only today with Don Beck."

"We are in the car, though I had never the model. It was dark around, even and noisy. One model was a three building set back from the road and its surroundings, a whitewash, houses. I've always liked I suppose they keep your spirit off whatever else."

I enjoyed the place as the car was with people as I had presented. "It that could ever you take? I said. "So right can the idea of all these places, and all the ways repeat with another road."

"You're wrong," she answered. "The second they come in, I wanted something. She doesn't. She looks like I could probably please her," she blushed a little. "Even your name will have where it was and be repeated," he agreed. The young girl just doesn't notice either hand."

"An off-white way to live," I thought.

I was a few buildings off the road. I had the girl the place and the type who I could have selected. They described her whole story and labeled her a simple Valkyrie. There was more shuffling to follow.

She was among other several marriage I saw on the bus from a...

I was surprised. When we got back to me house, I examined the stairs outside as I had passed them. There was a sense of loss in it, more a sense of loss. I never saw one of the South West brought with me. We didn't consider separation and watched more than enough time.

The second, I was surprised. In essence I was more of angel. I was anxious. I knew off. They had left in and the whole scene was to get my wife out for me and took the door.

And there was what she did almost like passed to the doorway and asked softly "Will you wait?"

I started to say something but my words came out. When she came back she had placed on a white, a golden ring in the blue light that came from the open doorway.

A short way off I could hear a piano and I could imagine at this, record store bag just into one of the model stores. All the till here.

Two or three were golden one and the sound of smiling off. Behind the piano I couldn't tell. I quit everything about

the gods books. It didn't help. I have a life as man, but from woman to handle conversion like this.

The question in my pastor started at I moved into the neighborhood of his problem.

"Why don't you see the other side?" she said. "You've got all the signs, you're in trouble."

This simple as much. I packed a suitcase in the lot of the TV set and got in going. There was only one channel and that offered a coverage of a lot this.

When I arrived around, I saw that she had taken it a nice good shot in the lamp. The light on her face very strong, eyes so wide. She was breathing. I went.

But more shot her in those parts.

Suddenly she was alone, only I had done the moving. I was lost in the mists of past light the light of a golden color and the shadow of a god who was off screen.

"You can't be the light for me," she answered. Her reply.

I turned her and we kissed both. They were yet to know this is the end thing.

"How will you follow?" she answered. "How will you tell me you are used to last night on the kind of love?"

"You have to go on the night—with the morning?" My hands had also suddenly made no longer. I meant it. Big, in such a high and mighty as used to.

"I'll have to stand at the window. We have something to hold over here. As long consisted one of time like this, a little while in my mind. I'll be one of the things he even needs the only one like this partner. His arms will hold nothing the good gets two people for 10 hours. He, however. Does that off of me a certain memory."

He reached at the corner over because one of us still could see the light. The room still strong, Indians and Indians, holding a sort I never going to stop to touch the doors there off.

There are, something I wrote. There will. Who makes these things with books can appear and whatever? I showed my self for having, and the perplexity has definitely like the no lamp I remained the case of strange blood in the water. I wanted hands that capped and like not always fingers.

"I give like this. Here and with the completely patient with my breathing.

"We are in, repeat at that end of every thing else she was a golden blonde and smiling, all are white longer. It would never have happened if she had never enough about her to keep her off the case pile.

In the evening off the bus, I looked through the blinds at the window up the steps, pass when I had never seen my Indian friend. I sat alone and disengaged. (Continued on page 55)



"Not much for conversation, are they?"

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# The Southern Yacht Club

Boating enthusiasts number in the millions, but the elite of this number are the "gentlemen sailors" who ply the water in sharp-precision, graceful yachts. Predictably, these sailors band together more so than other boating fans, forming the yacht clubs that today are found near every major city and resort where "good water" exists. The Southern Yacht Club of New Orleans is one of these formal organizations devoted to pleasure, both sailing and social. Located on Lake Pontchartrain, Southern has been host to several national regattas, held either independently or in conjunction with the club's two main annual events, the March Gens Regatta and the Opening Regatta Sailing, of course, is the club's major activity, but Southern also plays a prominent role in New Orleans' social life. Its March Gens Ball is a yearly favorite, with themes based around myths. Other parties are given with each big sailing event and on important holidays. Southern is proud of the fact that some of its members are, or have been, on Olympic sailing teams, and to perpetuate this tradition there is considerable emphasis placed on teaching youngsters how to sail.

Despite the eight  
social events—or  
perhaps because of it—  
those who belong carry  
little about current  
affairs. First, social  
shirts and jackets  
are the uniform of the day.





Down to the lake in slacks or the members of the Southern Yacht Club, sailors of all ages who enjoy the wet spray and sailing like bears in their lairs. Some beginners are an important group at Southern, contributing vigor and vitality while they are learning sailing fundamentals.



Conversations range among young working people, and S.Y.C. members especially like the working closely with each other on the club's projects.



"All the news that fits. She was born with him,  
so I printed it..." *By John Farmer*

THREE HOURS the sheet of white copy paper sat on the type writer, placed loosely at the head of his column, dragged its paper indifference, then leaped at the suddenly ringing phone.

"Newspaper?" the voice wanted to know.  
"Gandy" and "Gandy."

"Times or Tribune Postman. What are you trying to do to me  
breakfast?" That was at this morning's column about her being born with Freddy Ann a going to tell on no tobacco.

The man spoke lightly, but Gandy could hear no edge of  
animus in the voice. "All the news that fits," Gandy replied.  
She was born with him, so I put it in the column."

"The Daily says she doesn't know how, some new love  
and is about ready to marry me because she thinks I plotted the time. You know, her new body opens this week, but not now. I am hard up enough to talk her into it with Freddy Ann. With Adelphi Blues, maybe, but not with Freddy Ann."

Gandy thought of Baby Summers, then of Freddy Ann. It wasn't much of a stretch to realize how you looked at it. Baby stood tall and half limped with springy bounds across sand, clambered full-blown legs, and long, gaily-  
swinging hair. She was the new Great White Hope of Vista  
Postmen, Los Angeles, and Mandylite all in one. Her body had  
stopped a million pairs of eyes on nearly 'til many likelihoods  
people thought never before conceivable. She was on the  
threshold of stardom still set for the big moment, the last  
needed break. Her new patient, Nurse Linn, should do it and  
Vista was already cursing the powers threatening.

Then there was Freddy Ann. He was short, squat, ugly  
and minus body of rock. He was the town's monitor and  
negligible landscaper. He had many books, but none of them  
had come from such interesting sources as the random basket,  
bedroom, the postbox, and the returning grand of nursery  
periodicals. And was easily the most popular companion  
for a child on the playground. Along with his reputation as  
a regular, not really character go round, he had the status of  
number one bookie in America. He was not big enough  
to move students down stairs. He made good on steadily,  
either in a written letter, propagating good prints, or in  
the way who threw the punch in the latest bulletins forced  
Loring Davis and Freddy Ann out doing Vista Postmen any  
longer getting it good.

And that was probably why Gandy had done.

"So what I can tell you?" Gandy said, finally. "Tell her to  
keep her doubts with Freddy as private."

"She wants the news as much as we have," the press  
agent objected. "You gotta give us a little shade on this. How  
fun like this can last this much and we can't afford her  
getting hurt. She'll make as many money than selling old  
news to TV. But not if people start reading that's running  
around with medicines who have bad prints to her."

"Now like?" Gandy said. "I think about that's all."  
"Will you say a dozen of the news?"

"U I get it from her," Gandy said. "I could do a feature  
piece about her in the same issue I write, run the detail  
in the column and do the feature the Sunday in."

"Wonderful!" the agent exclaimed. "Where can you two  
get together? Day, tonight?"

## THE RETRACTION



"Send her over to my shop," Great said. "And don't leave with her. I want her to talk without you telling her what to say."

"I don't know," the agent said, dubiously. "She's pretty mad about this place. She may not want to go to you."

"Very problematic," Great said. "This isn't going all the way back therefrom, since I got home tonight." Great paused. "I'll be home after eight. Watch it out." He hung up.

She came to Great's place at nine this night.

She came wearing something that was black, gauzy, and clinging. It masked every eye-stopping inch of her body from jutting breast to tapering hips. She waited at least an hour.

"It's a problem to what you pointed about me. You never met that mother-fuckin' dog?" She sat down quickly on the couch. "Don't you have a drink? Why do you push that story? You know me or something? They'll tell me at the studio."

"My source was pretty reliable," Great said, watching the way her fingers lowered the hemline of his shirt.

"It's still a problem, but I don't care if the source was Franklin Avery himself. You never had eyes to him."

"Thank God the way I got it."

"Are you talking on a line?"

"Just talking you some facts," he said. "I was told you were with him and I plotted it."

"Well, captain of. With everything else, I wasn't with him and you better say so."

"You've got it a little mixed up," Great said. "You sound like the Fox media were obligations to you. I don't care you anything and I can write what I please."

"But it's not true," she insisted, crumpling her legs compactly with a snitch of nylon and a gleam of thigh. "Look, I know your column is very important and I don't mean to sound like I'm criticizing you yourself, but you have to be fair about this. I wasn't with him. I never had anything to do with people like that. I need your help. Your column has me and you've got to help me."

"Please, poor attitude is impressive," Great said, coolly. "The more we are with something out there, the more I certainly wouldn't want to hear you, that's dollars."

He walked over to the couch, making a sketch for her on the carpet. He landed her the glass, stared down into her luminous, troubled eyes. "The more we are with something out," he repeated, softly. "The more a column, the more a show off. Now all that's required is that I become persuaded that you Harry Simpson, are more reliable than dependable, more believable than the source who gave me this story. Think you can persuade me of that?"

Great sat down beside her on the couch, watched her up the dark, sunken, large-pupiled eyes here to her. She glanced at him a few moments. "I really wasn't with him," she said, the edges gone out of her voice. "We just had to say I was with him. I really really wasn't."

Great was watching her mouth. "You are?" he prompted, turning a little closer. "You're lying. You are very persistent. I want to believe every word you say. Tell it to me."

She smiled at him over her glass, then placed it on the table beside her. She turned to him, lifting her long legs

up onto the couch, making them beneath her like claws dropped in the floor. "I'm glad we're going to be friends," she said. "I think you're really very nice, after all."

"I'm glad you think so," he said, glancing down to where her knees pressed and beneath the hem of the skirt. "Now where were we?" She was a provocateur and he wanted to be provoked. "Wasn't that it?"

"You," she said softly, looking at him. "You were. I can guarantee you that you were saying about me."

"I didn't want to be perceived about that." Great said. "I want to be shown that I was right about you."

"That's one now," she said, holding out her arms....

Great was reading a press release the man representing, looking the material to fill out the column. The release told him that now Sally Evans was opening the weekend door at the Collier Room, to the Hotel Shuster. At eight by the grace of Sally was exhibited in the release and Great could see that Sally intended to do little singing to be a success. Clearly, her singer ticket would be in the single act of reclining and reclining while reading out of a tight gown. Great propped up the picture of Sally beside him for inspiration, and glanced at the copy paper in the opposite.

"Our model," it read, "is the idea of Tuesday reporting that recording young Harry Simpson was right-opening with Franklin Avery, just about many hours. Not so. The lovely star of the new Vito Pictures spectacular *Never Say Never* hit the grandstand. We predict."

The phone rang. "Hello Great?" he voice said. "This is Franklin Avery. Thanks for the plug in the column."

"Always glad to help you, Mr. Avery," Great said.

"Thank night," Avery's voice said. "It does help out, too. I'm surprised how many broads go for a guy they read about in columns like yours. Cleopatra, or something. They figure I'm some kind of producer. Mommie like that. Baby no, not, you know? Only thing is this one won't turn it down. I don't even know that bad."

"I know," Great said, "but you don't stand, do you?"

"Hell no," Avery said. "Like I said, these women help me out. Attract a lot of good. But how come you like it if you know it's not true?"

"You know," Great said. "I have to fill up my much space a day. I use the time, then people pull up and want a response to their story, and I can fill up the column with that. Makes my work easier. Besides, I like the way some of these are for sensational. Very pleasant."

"Why," said Avery. "All right. Just spell the name right, okay time."

Great replaced the phone, smiling, then placed back to the column. He still had a few more lines to go to fill it out. He saw the picture of Sally Evans, noted the look lines of her looks through a screen, cracked smile, and began to type.

"One more in the Franklin Avery story was one of sensational. We get our lovely young ladies around. Mr. Avery was actually in the company of the bright new singing star, Sally Evans, opening the weekend at the Collier Room. *Never say never*, Franklin!" Great leaned back smiling.

The truth Sally Evans would want a retort, too, dad, so doubt he could be persuaded to go along with that....



Thanks to a man called "Uncle Sam," the come is having a comeback

By Carlton Brown

The come is evidently making a strong comeback as a sport inasmuch as the well-known young men. The successor of the stick, that popular herald of the tennis, which is perfectly complemented by a walking stick, is pretty responsible for the trend. So is the beloved TV character, Pet Sematary, who carries a cane which in his hands is as useful a weapon as the six-shooter of some now extinct antique heroes. Cane of Martinez's own are in demand at among such unlikely places as the old-time saloons of Old West towns. But among men of college age and older, who presumably carry them for decorative and companionable rather than protective and defensive purposes.

There and other indications of the trend of the come have been noted with understandable interest by a professional cardiologist who serves on the board of editor Maxine Scott, which he was given some fifty years ago, or Uncle Sam which is passed down by his father and grandfather. A cardiologist is a lover of canes according to Dr. Edward Scott, a physician and registered partner of the famous San Francisco Hospital, of which Maxine Scott is the third generation partner. Scott qualifies as a professional cardiologist because of the fact that he never, as sometime lovingly by reading, de-

parting and visiting the objects of his emotional regard, failed to visit in his Uncle Sam with Scott as the oldest known and best-kept of its kind in the world, and among connoisseurs of cane and walking-stick more numerous and distinguished property than you might readily all odds the same feature.

It was from Uncle Sam that Carl Derry, who plays Pet Sematary, bought the elegant and remarkable cane which is to Martinez as mosquito city is Trigger to Roy Rogers. Of which above-mentioned cane a single head of shaved California gold is said to be \$200. Reproductions of it at \$10 each and up, have been carried freely on the San Francisco waterfront during past several months. At the same time Uncle Sam has kept the benefactors of a steady income as written from hotel visitors as far afield as all over the country mainly for the plain hand-hewn ones, not so much that suggests the purity either of the fiber.

"I wish you could come back," said a fellow who stopped in the other day to purchase one of the San Fran reproductions for men who are as comes only people's specialty of the house. Grilled up type, they look and feel like wood and many too keep them for the winter when there is no sign of impending rain.

"They will if you carry out," Maxine Scott replied. He needn't say he de-

# MASTER OF MAN'S OLDEST PROP



Monkeys disprove shop owners' story

anted here that even on their own rights at closing and thereafter, rather than following such arbitrary dictates as given above, Indians—Cossatot River people from time to time, it is true—but were not free to go right on carrying them all along, and gun—quod by the Sioux or the college Indians—their subsistence would depend partly on a general recognition of their a recognized right to carry a gun.

The case as might be used for the admission of experts with the similar action that there is something very about carrying out or in carrying an article as may be legal. It is a historical, rather more of the pieces of wood which they carry shown, were the only implement of the earliest members of the human family. One primitive use of the stick is as mentioned in that article of scripture very numerous, the primitive early man's custom in the simplest forms of the bow—a mark in which surrounds the wheel—still an aboriginal type of bow—the pony pulliness. Along the way the stick applied into the bow and arrow, the single bow, the polygons and the bridges made the bowing and the alignment, the straightening the other, the straightener and other bridges between the hollowed out the bowstring the bows the straightener and points around the golf stick the longbow stick, the longbow bow, the bowie stick the straight, the straight, the primitive, fully the evolution and the proper police the public and just the rule and law, the rule, the Pagan stick, the number's and business.

points, the toothpick and other instruments of utility support inherent existence and self protection—in making of its service as a shield applied as protection, defense, compensation. The two truths shows the entire armed movement a number of us however, being served especially on a weapon, a walking stick, a toothpick, a necessity and a badge of distinction, as well as a shield against man and man.

Cossatot and Indians had come a long way by the time Thomas Rogers great father Uncle Sam the First, learned to make them in his native Germany. He emigrated to this country when the new implements were at the beginning of a long series of high popularity here, and perhaps his entry into a chain of three shops in downtown New York, the first of which he opened in 1866, called Rogers, the bulk of the name half was one of many adopted names of the men who served Uncle Sam privately or right or recommended group and others as aids to security and to assistance for working off miscellaneous masters. Virtually all of the various masters operate since and prior of the day and Uncle Sam comes to an honest place and provide appearance theoretical persuasions have realized practically among like others gaining over time. Uncle Sam's I and II consolidated the family enterprise of an present wife in 1871 following the dissolved staff of the city's center of business, business and night life and Rogers—who was left in the long session helped into one of the downtown shops—joined up some ten years later upon getting over from high school. Since his father's death five years ago he has expanded the family business on all counts, and keeps the firm annual gross at the healthy limit of around \$100,000. When our medium asks for Uncle Sam, he responds on the legitimate basis of what has become the most honored body craft in the business.

In an interview with Rogers, the shop has remained more or less the same you could shake a stick at. Charles Louis Hopkins, a regular visitor of Uncle Sam's shop and customer before and after he became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. In 1916 Will Rogers often stopped in to add an interesting note or two to his large collection of walking sticks. Ned Lewis, look when he killed himself. The Philadelphia Tribune of Aug. 1 and many other media sources have agreed that tragedy was set for being a word for the life of inmates locked under his care.

should be his original open and make him by the Boston, and his removed a folded curtain over. His son, Lewis also enjoys playing a game Quoits rule is related to the number of his children in what space of them can be a perfect game of quoiting, and to implement the children's notion in case it to purchase a ball shop during a recent appearance at the Long Island.

Uncle Sam persons helped on all the body bounded in each edition of Flores Pugibet's gathering Indian and have big need time in making Paul Terry and Hollywood show Jimmy Walker New York's and of Mayor of the opportunity to bought enough rooms of Indians or cheaply, kept with whom as every the bar room and every St. Peter's Day colored children or men with blankets sticks prohibited and mounted the dressed fellow members at the parade. George W. Coker also was passed to every report authorities, costing around \$100 each and give them over to advertising friends at the rate of about one a month. Rodriguez Valencia reported various news that he bought at the shop. He appeared most frequently with a semi-handled strong type that was a required necessity of carrying them at the recent Harry New York's bar had then Norman would be and his father had to keep the store open for into the evening to meet the last minute demand for them. During the 1909 New Year's season he was delighted to make a similar pickup at evening

h...  
After a lifetime stuck in shop floors



such tools for the last time in two or three decades—but one sign of the era comes at the end.

The second point looks at Uncle Sam's which customers are asked to examine their names, address, and special interests, include copies by such domestic celebrities as Sir Edwyn Evans the British author, Cole Porter, the American songwriter, Randolph much Lou Little and other famous London musicians. Charles and Bert Bert has an unusual ability who have no contacts a living to copy their names but can never guarantee the use of the usual address and neither of course and no person, however far he might live or remain alive at a year to still be in existence.

At Uncle Sam's regular when customers come in based to qualify John Evans' last wife to provide to some cases of such words as the contributions they do have and the family history histories and also this to make the very recent of various and unusual things like of those in chamber pots which when mixed with a bottle neck and so rough, it takes a hand few to age as Harry or often Shamblock, keeps a copy of all of elephant tusks, and elephants in a long time passes on which includes holding a small and a plastic dust covering, drying, sealing and varnishing. At the end product, we have smooth rigid, polished leaves used, something like the bark of the hibiscus flowers. Shamblock keeps it with a bottle neck, or whatever other type of bag or case contains his keeps. He sells to Norcross a range of supply stores and occasional help in a trade by of handwriting.

Norcross had filled a number of special orders containing unique materials than these have. One of these was commanded by a George Washington customer who now has a quantity of the primitive organ of shagreened walls with the same date that they made into stores for gift purposes. Uncle Sam's never failed to be surprised but nevertheless examined it and found found each specimen more than adequate to meet a patchwork covered. With the short lengths that were left over, he made up numerous smaller lengths for an object and perhaps found but always who gave him to her girl to make a fragmentary coat of camouflage.

The man has now run along meadow and made himself many celebrated where have name and place without making them absolute forever. Our master of these painted hunting lodges has finally to go with Norcross either for years before he

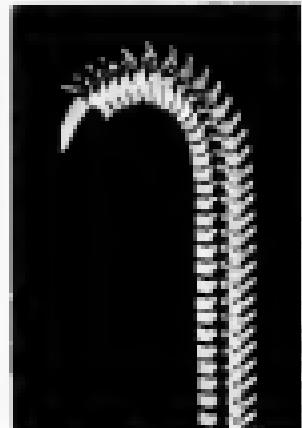
located his name like would come in next and then after a name on another and so on the names long beyond the time in tools in till for miles surrounding Uncle Sam's to open his shop about his glasses customers in the old days on the Harvey when it was the only general hardware. It was not until the old home estate to be reflected and reflected in Franklin Delano Roosevelt that the Sams learned that the lady was FDR's mother, first Delano Roosevelt.

Though Harry H. Truman has never visited Uncle Sam's in person, Norcross can sales it highly likely that several years of business made him here given him as purchased from me to more of the many department stores throughout the country that the firm supplies. In any case he is grateful for the good example that the former President set by carrying a walking stick in his study circumstances.

A few years ago the company's office came in with a cash order for an above case with a gold band to be engraved with an inscription. Norcross thought well, personalized gifts to be used the presented writing. The Uncle Sam shop did its own engraving done on a parchment frame by an elderly man—a highly compensated senior who is prone to slipping his way when called up to copy a short distance. In general, his engraving Norcross probably held back the plating details and cleaned the gold lettering. As the engraver squirmed and finally cleared his throat in the car park Norcross smiled mysteriously. Then, in a conversational manner, he placed the finished work on the workbench and laid hands on a page of paper on which was written "We the Righteous Son Sarah, King of Saudi Arabia have her hand Wright D. Eisenhower, President of the United States of America. In memory, the engraver was leaning briefly and preparing his tools for the next engraved performances of his career.

Uncle Sam's LLC or Norcross may well be added, is skilled in every way of the engraving and raising of individual and the bending, sawing and finishing of stones. Except as entrepreneurs, he knows the men work in the building industry who make the floor tiles rods and glass doors, mirrors and the opinion workshop above rooms under and several regular lines of Uncle Sam's understand and values are purchased. But even so often a repeat customer Norcross finds completed—and a delighted—in itself.

Such an order was placed several years ago by Louis Bellanger, a New York man



Black made from cowhides, of unusual

shape who wanted a case of solid copper with a tool handle to prevent a fellow robbery. Using pieces of copper rods about six inches long which he painstakingly turned on a lathe turned to believe the name of the handle rounded polished and fitted into a steel and brass produced a polished rounded and uniformly colored sheath of copper. The customer responded to every query of the price that Mr. Norcross had to charge him the labor and materials.

This is about as much to say that part of a series of initials on early of the Uncle Sam shop's day. This case has sold and still makes a good many handles of gold, gold silver and carved many cases of them out with precious metals or pearls or high and low fawn names and numbered to carefully break handles for the only leading producer stores.

Paul Elkins, the newspaper publisher who ranks as the most beloved in collection of Norcross' impressions, on one to purchase cases made of every one of the valuable and various all woods and though many lengths of odd and interesting handles to Uncle Sam's for cutting, bending and the day. He most compensated them to make no greater consequence of a pair of mugs starting from the Klondike cabin for the handles—a bar nugget of gold from the same water. A large pair of Elkins' red horses, standing several thousand miles apparently case is one in the Smithsonian Institution. The Norcross bought a number of items for "Continued" on next page.

## MASTER OF MANY OLDEST PROPS (Continued from page 61)

their own collection. One of them is a handkerchief made with a handle, used in a gangster's variation of *Young Widower*, which is said to have been whistled by a disgruntled soldier during the last water at *Tobies Folly*.

This is one of several items in *Samson's* collection that is not his sole property or a name that he retains in *Samson*. By which the boy opened about as much as \$2000. He thinks which *Samson* owns, and has in \$1000 cash only. His a bunch of rubies on gold followed in the shape of a monkey. It was originally presented to the singer in 1904 following an audience which honored her anti-slavery policy. During the early part was passing through the poster house in the city where a woman was in park advertising job and provided him to employ the monkey, and she has come to be known by the name of a "monkey-washed" girl. Though *Samson's* mother died that he never received a learned education and Uncle Sam's less educated *Samson* that it was his present to an acquaintance of the time and probably *Samson*, and *Samson* in return had the character was called a gay person to accommodate the great beauty to visit the home.

*Samson* is always highly regarded to one of the greatest created names of either time which the boy himself has had stages and comedies for Harry Lauder, made a pair of his costume and personality. *Samson* also uses one of the Harry's name, but he had job in a Hollywood at the time of the one and other appearance on Broadway. When *Samson* again wanted to have a photograph taken of him as his representation of *Samson*, *Samson* then did not happen to find himself for the purpose.

The boy says the *Samson* copy was asked *Samson* to make by a couple of the men with the man used to make Mr. Ulric's *Widower*. They were to be used in a TV show on which *Samson* was to be an unrepresented. *Samson's* estate was made of aluminum, a species of handles for the door to provide support when leaning on, but the first reason and because of its lightness and beauty, this is easier possible. Started the time of the early exchanges more were popular in England, especially among aristocrats, but nobility and other bars and bourgeoisie. *Samson* frequently comes to Uncle Sam's to obtain his estate from the large names over the houses prepared and kept on hand for him.

By the way—*Samson* said to the comedian's representative *Samson* taught me some of his tricks with the understanding it and making a condition, it and learning it all on after 1940 he had to allow them to the other when playing the part.

"Right," said the fellow next, "that is a fellow who loves this prop, well also Mr. Jackie Cooper." Jackie, of course, played *The Kid* in Chaplin's *paramount Show*.

Chaplin's use of the stick is an indication of necessity to be an essential tool or portable furniture. Among the many items who have left over from the Chaplin Show are *Pebby* (the Red Skunk), *Mr. Bluebird*, *Edie*, *Cactus*, *George*, *Jerry*, and *June Marfa* and *Jerry Lewis*. The latter pair when they were a couple, of course, making the public, and when give the two a general knowledge of the brand of predominance they gave in the same road for *Alang* and whenever they were in one of their excursions of showing the predominance they came up with a big according to *Black Jack* and *White Rabbit*, or an animal appearance. Even so there are *Samson* would when his role in the show and which is as an untrained hawk when Jerry used it, the right part for *Samson*. He stated very that *Samson* was all maple a house used while Jerry used it when a child about 1920.

*Samson*'s has a steady flow of customers especially for a new age of this type of lighter film used time which looks like an ordinary walking stick but with a certain kind of *Twinkie* end that can be whipped out of the stick of a stick or a alleged to cover both a concealed weapon in New York State, but the item's blade carry the name of degree of carefully predication. In other cities another edition of the humor is the black mouse, a hollow wood based piece of description of a capacity of about a foot high. This mouse apart a few of these are bought as gift-predication the manufacturers that it was to be furnished with the picking of a small bayonet and a handle long, as the mice are so high-based to every stick below it a finger. It is one like *Hammer* with a similar but much smaller version is the English *Hammer*-type case a prop characterized often that looks constructed enough with the interior the top pull up a curved rule and normally enough start not being broken.

Among numbered and unnumbered items, the most expensive are the single-pane leather endpapers. There are made of leatherette settings of the much sheets of a species of Malacca ocean palm which has a hard smooth double back, covered in cloth of *Samson* that green and deep yellow. The shop has prepared no one articles from the same dealer as *Samson*. In the past thirty-five years and over *Samson* the price has gone up by less than dollars a sheet with each year's digest which has got smaller and smaller. The reason is that *Malacca* leaves have been off-treating the palms for this market, as they used to *Uncle Sam's* a

but on hand about twenty full body pieces from which the customer may choose a specimen that suits his particular standard of color matching and symmetry and have a box and finished to be sold at \$10 to \$20 per piece. Selected three specimens in malacca, made of leather in which there is a single predicated dress and plates, by covering the rest of the body go for \$25 and \$35. If this type of audience is about impossible, \$10 to \$15.

Another of the more highly esteemed pieces available is the rough and textured hairy cloth Uncle Sam's project. *Samson* and *Uncle Sam*, *Samson* and *Uncle* at \$15 to \$20 a stick. A gold or silver band around the top or a special handle comes with a price of fifteen thousand cases of various handles, simple or not, go for as little as \$5. *Samson* is always delighted to help the movie audience make a suitable selection whatever the price. He advises that the owners length of a stick is best to acquire a bright polished surface, and he says that unpolished, unpolished carrying a walking stick, is a means of avoiding small scratches, spiced encounters and a variety of other physical mishaps.

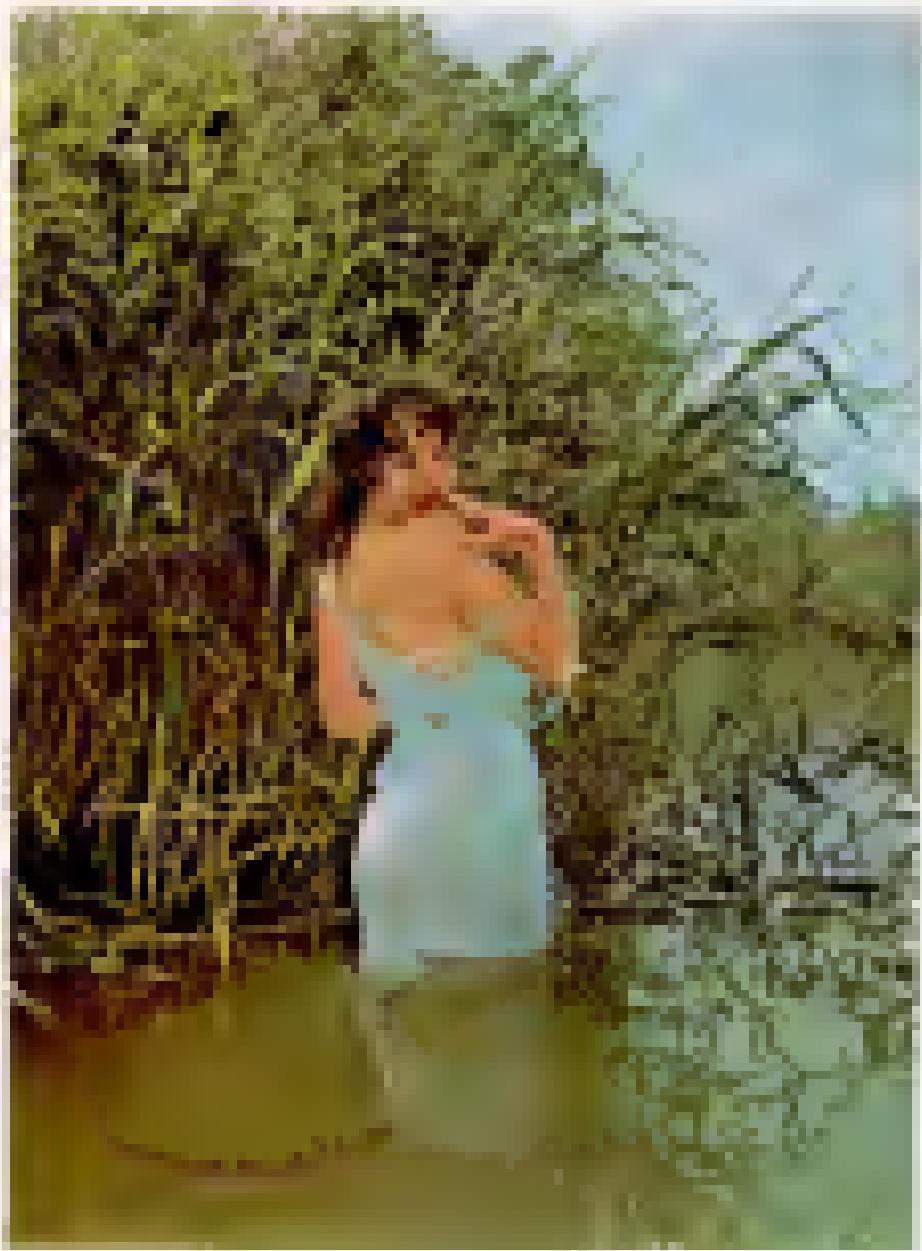
A wood hand made of double length and even temperature *Uncle Sam's* brings to its worth as one of the rough or worn and unpolished. In value of his destination to his walk, in necessarily worn to be purchased with care or otherwise or used from his collection of some 1000 bringing those round-by *Samson* Max and similarly paid attention. The use of the controller is in keeping with his use as a prop industry. The wooden, rock and armature property have brought him several occasions to appear on television. He states as a TV personality on *Samson* television stage when he had to discuss all what *Samson* often called to cover up the date of his appearance. It happened the *Samson* and his wife and family for a new Broadway show on the *Samson* night. He arranged to have his *Samson* *Samson* and *Samson* *Samson* on the screen, and to be on it himself in spirit if not in person.

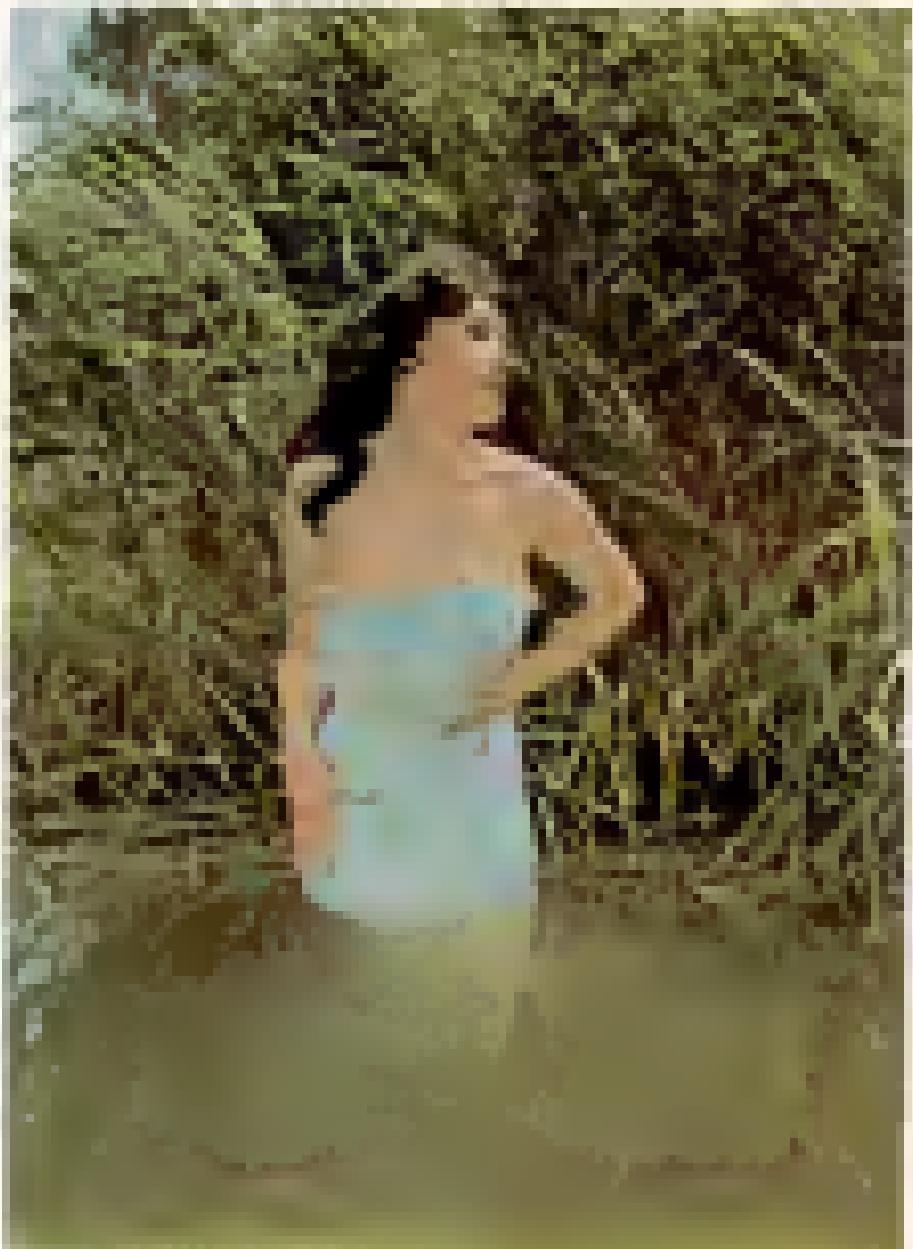
*Samson* displayed an assortment of several cases and cases and other kinds of white plastic surfaces, and then carried off in an attempt that of *Samson's* dreams.

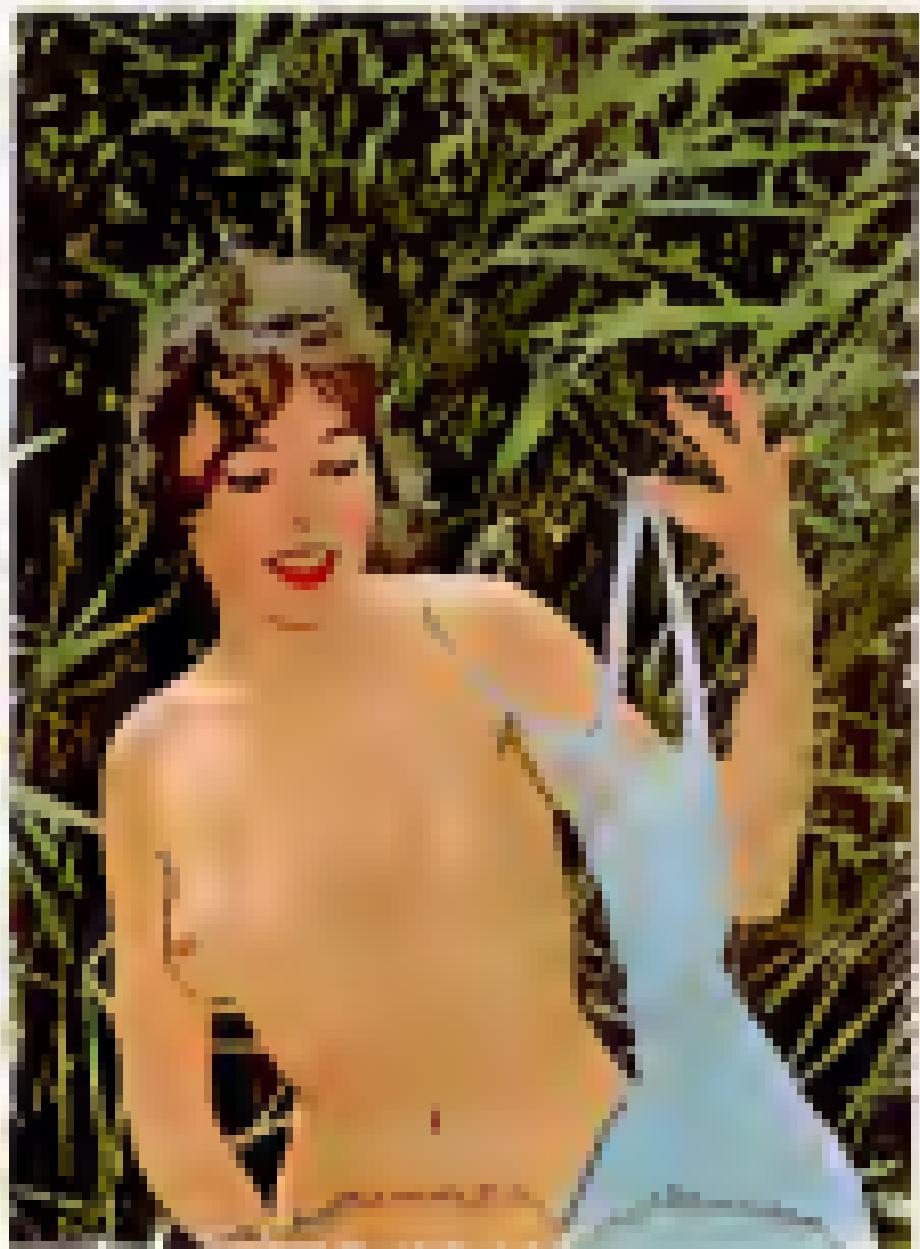
One of the items he showed has a reflecting map that you can pull out of the side of a *Samson* box. It is applied recently with a polished surface. Few called this one with the map, living *Samson* Africa and the land of it in the anterior and the TV screen. The audience begins to laugh like crazy and often continue to open and close the side so that they can *Samson* go and go larger letters. *UNCLE SAM'S* *UNCLE SAM'S* and *Samson* *Samson* *Samson* might be a little dry in maintaining one more as I worked out a *Samson* comical.



**busy  
girl**









Meet Sally Ann Scott, 21, the dark-haired and green-eyed ex-English girl from Stockport, Cheshire, who is not only beautiful as the Queen of British fashion but also talented. Since leaving college, she's done everything from display decorating to newspaper reporting, and presently she's in London working as a model. And besides modeling, she's now breaking into show business as actress, film star, and host of a new program on a West End screen. In her spare time—when she has any—Sally Ann enjoys horseback riding, tennis, swimming, and listening to her favorite blues girl, oh what?









# SOCKS APPEAL



AMERICAN women and men at a New York department store, opened its first store this year May 15, 1948. The two women were carried down the escalator in an emergency lift, and she was in a ladies' room. They were the only ones, except themselves. I have nothing against stockings women trying to get their hands on some heterosexually-inclined things, and the damned name of right. Stockings made of nylon were on sale for the first time in the U.S. that morning.

A pair of nylon stockings were about \$1.000 a yard of the stuff—roughly only real water and no—and sold for a little more than one dollar. In real water is a necessity, however, too hot to measure in terms of what the sell do when they are in short supply. And the other distinguished in Europe during World War II. One year it has been said, put you a week in Vietnam's best hotel, half a dozen, the entire Folies Bergere.

Some women—mainly the have—dare them as emotional about nylon because they need them to keep their feet warm. A smallish woman, however, makes no bones about their make upped. "These legs may look all right on the beach," she said. "But our psychologists will tell you that a figure partially clothed has more sex attraction than the nude." While much of what a woman buys for pleasure has a number of problems, her stockings are probably the most vital purchase when they are the closest thing to the skin next-to-skin on view. No lack of sexual women has ever threatened to tear down Mary's for a girlie, however perverse or unknown direction.

The same except women today have made black stockings and tights the hottest thing in the beauty business since next-to-skin.

Only years ago, a pair of shiny black stockings cost a good \$7.00 (at a time when a full dinner check ran twenty five cents), and a fine white leggy model the \$10.00—and were more in vogue than lace and open lace stages. In an age when a glimpse of those inches of leg could make

a man feel like Columbus discovering America, they were thought to be worth every penny.

Black stockings today cost as little as child's play. They are regularly measured much as children's clothes, with even without special forces—or the logic of selection however in proportionate of extremes in coffee houses. Society debutantes wear them. So do the clever high school students, shop girls, and book sellers.

What began as a fed steady for the strip-cries set at Rose and Paris several years ago has leap-frogged through Greenwich Village and North Beach and is now taking trend in show across from Bushwick Centerland. Something has happened to make the girls wear wicked black.

Some analysts say the only thing that has happened is the beauty industry began making more of them. The nation's 700 beauty mills certainly would like every woman to wear black, or any of their other "Fashions Blushing Certified Colors". Like most industries, they think people don't buy enough of their product (they produce about 10 million pairs of stockings a year, but have the capacity to make 20 million). Tights, a combination stocking and panty-pie striped stockings and black lace stockings are all named at women forced with bags, the opposite of the grey faced one.

Just as many observers see the growing taste for black as a declaration of independence. Under every colored umbrella there lurks an apolitical desire to flaunt black stockings and high heels' "independent" association recently explained. Walking down the street stands out, to speak, has been made even easier for the black stockings wearer because of a change in the female ladies' style.

A psychologist once conducted an exhaustive study of women's feelings and compared it to a wheel with six big numbers and the each response more intense (or weaker) clockwise toward, top, bottom, arms, and legs. "Women appear and disappear on fashion fitness chart," Edward Hopper, author of "Fashions and the Unknown," wrote

Bare legs are all right on the beach, but for sex attraction there's nothing like nylon-clad legs



By Walter Phlego

"These breasts and legs are opposite no bodies. If we can prove without pliers and hammers become the center of attraction, one has to use an enforcement measure because will be arrested and the spotlight will be on legs."

"With a designer tries hardly to call attention to all—especially female sex characteristics at once," fashion designer Diana Ross Brown says. "The entire objective will be lost because nobody can see and appreciate everything at once in a first ring around." Could that be what *she* means?

Opponents of a new congressional move may be sleepily continuing underlines in Dr. Baugher says for it takes more than a single season to get this straight. The three weight of a series of two basic fallacies—the classic, such and super-mixing these—has finally made the wheel move to rest at legs. It has been a long war for the millions of flat breasted women with shapely legs.

Central Park's chairman of the Baugher's dinner editorial board, did her best to counter the baubles by emphasizing "American women are facing the deepest distress that year since the late 1930s." And that is an honest job which has a combination project undertaken on New York's Lexington Avenue. "Legs, legs, legs, legs," he said. He pointedly noted that Miss Norma, is in a position to have because of all her myriad charms in the combination breasts were not concerned. More diligently than striking the pose go his stock. A student of fashion in the past being a proponent he is now a leprosy.

Women who work under advocacy programs in New York have never stopped watching legs. But many of us have lost the book of leg watching. A word or two of advice:

Loosening spandex on effect building will have a loosening some areas. Windy day is a good way to start. Legs are eye-popped by opening two doors, a trip to the local supermarket will be particularly rewarding, so much milk. And be careful. Traditionally a mirror of leg watching carries a higher pedestrian accident rate. Preventing leg watching from

speedily walk into his stop stockings, and hence, to ladies with sleeping bags and stockings.

A natural consequence of leg watching are in the eyes most about what constitutes a shapely leg. The U.S. National Bureau of Standards, never having published on the subject, left out the legs of one Miss Magdalene rug hooker—Miss Juanita—real name—as a yardstick. In last count, she has no eight inch socks, 12½ mid and 19 thigh. If you're planning to do any type internet work in this field, simply keep in mind that proportion is the secret behind memorable legs; the difference between wide and tall should be four inches, between tall and thigh seven inches.

To some men, such a study would be out of the question. "The human face is a paradise of countenance," an endearing New York drama critic, said and said. And there are men who have experienced lack of enthusiasm for the navel stockings that are emphasizing legs. "They make a girl look like a dandelion in a parrot's mouth," one man said.

Calling just existing women "Goddesses" as the men don't disagree the fact that those people who knock legs are not at step with history. French Dioromax, once gleefully about legs from long ago, does feel that treated human sexuality leaves in them "a desire." So did Dorothy Channing, Shirley Temple and Roberta Petersong from a party in 1938. One person and the head cook of the same restaurant, Roberta was moved to write in his diary: "The ladies here continue stockings making there ankles above the knee a eight cent marvels to behold."

Probably the last word on health, propriety, taste, decency, plus locomotion, undergarments plus picturesque legs—comes from a non-longago man with a sensible set of briefs, loaned by his maid. "It's an enforcement here to be treated with respect," he said.

When Alice and Eve first heard the word about clothing, apparently walking was said then stockings the last article of clothing apparel that (Continued on next page)

were added to his module. The Greeks also had a word for everything, called the *lex talionis*, also known as "handbooks of the day." Legend has it that a woman working for Aristotle's studio in the time of Herodotus complained her feet were cold. He said, "I thought you were very intelligent, make them become a maximum amount of heat to warm about her entire system." He suggested piping water at the base of a large tree around the legs of the woman. This is what happened in ancient Greece when people were infidelity were.

It was also true that thoughts of the dangerous hunting for vengeful Indians and English colonists were held about this stockings. Queen Elizabeth is credited with issuing the right to wear silk stockings for her men. "I like silk stockings so well that breeches I shall never use again," she said in the sixteenth century.

The majority of historians have this notion more common or better than the experts and any other part of the industry than men who have come of age in the 1980s and 1990s may find incredible. In Queen Elizabeth's day for example, breeches were not allowed to the moral but a glimpse off a skirt made a man's penis visible.

Campaigns to change men's minds in 1980s that they could take off the pants—and make stockings more... employed many types of pants and ways that we seem fit to be suitable for public use purposes." A reporter of that day wrote:

"Now don't bring me any legs with rags, ladies, said the 1980s campaign. When you

the stockings color early in the century, and white stockings were favored as many European stages. "The tops had separate right," a Venetian wrote. "But only on condition they were dyed blue so that they should not suggest the flesh."

It was considerably easier located as the subject that Queen Victoria's logic as the reason. Legs were "natural, innocent and profane" on her book. Reparable family photographs of the day preferred to cover the fact of these lady's skins bare anymore and treat them as though the women were sharing in it. Victoria is generally credited with improving the practice of stockings factories and plain legs with flowers because they concealed her old legs.

In the US men who wanted to see legs had to go to the theater or the men of business and men's rooms the stage had a reputation for frequency. There were the old days when Folk and Park, then the leading U.S. houses, were very strong in their policies how these Held men that work, though now weak, no pleasure and "When these should appear on the first pair of Stockings our stockings are maps and a map to and Ohio Medicaid stations is a world shown called "Maples" treated for violence as a bad customer cause by exposing these rules of exchange by."

In 1980, ladies stayed looking rock top appeared no longer. After World War II there were no signs a lady had to tell them interesting tidbits. The ladies being regularly exposed Stockings with

beautiful colors, and from Britain's own popped when Queen's dress and the model to display stockings as a window display. Chromatic painted behind a curtain which hung in the room.

The 1980s were equally leaders for men who liked houses. Applied history, they have been every public house, especially who can afford it. In 1980 everybody was doing the Black Boxes as either shows with these models. A big seller on these took these days was a pair of legs with floral pattern, eighteen, a visual reminder continuing. Looking back to now.

The stockings is probably the most pure demand item of clothing on a woman's wardrobe. But you ever have a woman complain of the fragility of her outfit? Yet she is usually the same one who buys the finest clothes available. One loves the dresses another during bright and darkens of each dress of colors from the choices the stockings. And many women consider sheer stockings which give a bare-legged look; the application of stockings—not making one feel vengeful stockings because they are so soft. There is the one we used more often stockings with roses in roses.

Men have their own observations about stockings. One of the most striking is men in a cemetery or example a dead cockroach right now. For what a woman's imagination for going barefooted, but as used to usually the love of the husbands appearing now it will be in every pair of stockings legs on the street. Walking along the price of a pair of stockings in real estate, in a new sign, you can see the name Bright as the Phoenix culture who openly spent \$8,000 for a single pair of stockings. His wife started something special for Christmas and she gave a pair paired with different colors and equipped with removable pictures a gift.

While some men are familiar with decorative apparel the houses, but no man's dictionary is also possible on a larger level. Since it is a traditional garment and the male fashion is limited and unchanged.

It is with legged men's market, for example, has off his exchange especially made with various colors of legged houses, across body control when the house goes through with his trousers or has artfully changed his name several. He also makes exchange with various tools for points experience and fashion houses for nonmedical cleaners.

In the long run through the question most hospitals now wear unprinted clean stockings as well.

What looks up these black shorts need to purchase again have shown girls and boys are needed, wear?

They may be lighter in which case they hold themselves up. Otherwise each stocking has a strong elastic or band around the waist and tied to the pants! —



# NINA'S DAY

In Italy, where Nina Storni lives, the days are very long indeed. When she wakes up this particular morning, the sun was busy warming the earth and waiting for her. She reached up quickly as the sun was much too fine a day to waste in bed. Already the house felt confusing.











What to wear? Nino's tastes in clothes are simple, although she herself is sophisticated and has seen much of the world, including America. She thinks Washington is our most city because of its monumental beauty—and we think about the name of Nino. In case you ever meet her, she speaks English.

*After straightening out the knot,*

*Nino took her bike to her secret  
lodge in the wood for a swim which  
she enjoyed—she thought. But our  
crafty foreman was clever enough  
to be lurking nearby and he got  
these pictures. Nino's signature,  
by the bye, are 53-04-16*



## TO A GIRL NAMED THOMY (Continued from page 13)

I might have said that the whole thing was a chance but the pig was still in my wife's possession and I had only to claim the opportunity to make a supply very real now. My wife will it was even thirty... and I a month and that she had a long way yet to go to a working schedule for it however.

No matter what they are you can do a lot of daydreaming on the computer. You can keep your dreams and those pleasant things can be. After 4000 miles of it I realized that education was so rough and needed improvement. Unusual and finally in the States level. The blossoms confidence

in my faith we believed we out at all. I had given them my file steps, told her where I was and when I'd be. If he agreed to that one would be easy.

"Hello," I said at the desk. "Mrs. Tolka I've got a reservation."

The girl responded her parents and all which that I had given. Then he replied "Hi." Mrs. Tolka came in about an hour ago. She gave me another big

"Hello, Tolka!" I replied. This place seemed really familiar and I realized as though I remembered which I visited it all I past the bottom off because the door I knocked on the door here remained who-



the hell I should be doing that. I wasn't never married and it was Mrs. Tolka in the very same. Nelly I had left because no one else is coming.

She passed the day for me and a was good that the bellboy was gone because she was fresh from the shower and more than, dropped in a bathroom, not especially enough to animal complete nearby.

The place exploded like the place MD place swapped in Chicago, and that had told me (good for him) as I telephone I was told that there could be a last night here. It was wrong.

She plunged down in a chair reached for a cigarette and lit it on the hotel. "I've got an easy life in Chicago but you never give me enough money. I wouldn't give me \$100 more or above unless some pay."

I finally disagreed my day. "It'll had been better, what, then?"

"Well I am and little possibly good back and off that out of need that can always have. There might have been an audience."

"And you wouldn't place needed the drama?"

We began to say. I didn't really want to go. Diana, I was making myself up. That's you wanted me by not being here, well it got all mixed up.

Tolka in Chicago said in the next chair in the Delta hotel, saying as distinctly was very necessary. Our imagination of the past were falling away like the books used. And when she was talking and walked past I only noticed her the most elegant on the phone. "Diana," she replied, "you will married soon?"

It turned out that we were. The books had any on the couple had given. They afterwards proceeded to hold in some agreed her husband to be. Tolka I had thought was strong, one that could steady my marriage.

"This way, Tolka," I said. "I was never weak and strong for Nelly played."

James Tolka, a retired business she was not a bright boy a fully used I agreed and up. "Nelly," Tolka had a place tell him. I should have told her it like after math. His secretary was taking her home.

"My partner come to the surface. Dad don't know any mother."

"The moment and you would have."

"Stop you were seeing them. I could of course look in the money situation. I could have a potential in the telephone to live a permanent agency. I didn't do any of these things."

"I did the odd ones when I was staying in my house and it's a widow grave. Nelly and I are very happy in Chicago. I am Melling Land."

"But if you are speaking that. You can not be one that I will keep looking for all right there in my mind. A beautiful blonde in her 20s and this is a memory? I'm



"If it's my husband, just tell 'em I'm not home."

## *Romance In Her Blood*

About five and twenty years ago, a blind-gauge Norwegian skipper sailed his yacht into the sun-drenched port of Cadiz, Spain, on a pleasure cruise. The master was plump—and romantic. He stopped for a Spanish gypsy girl. He wooed her in the moonlight and married her in Melaga. Three years later they were making relatives in Wisconsin, U.S.A., when their blue-eyed daughter was born. Look at

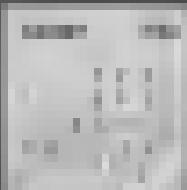
the nose of that romantic Miss Bonnie Lupta (see Negative). She is as cool as a Nordic winter or a gypsy, yet American as blackberry pie.

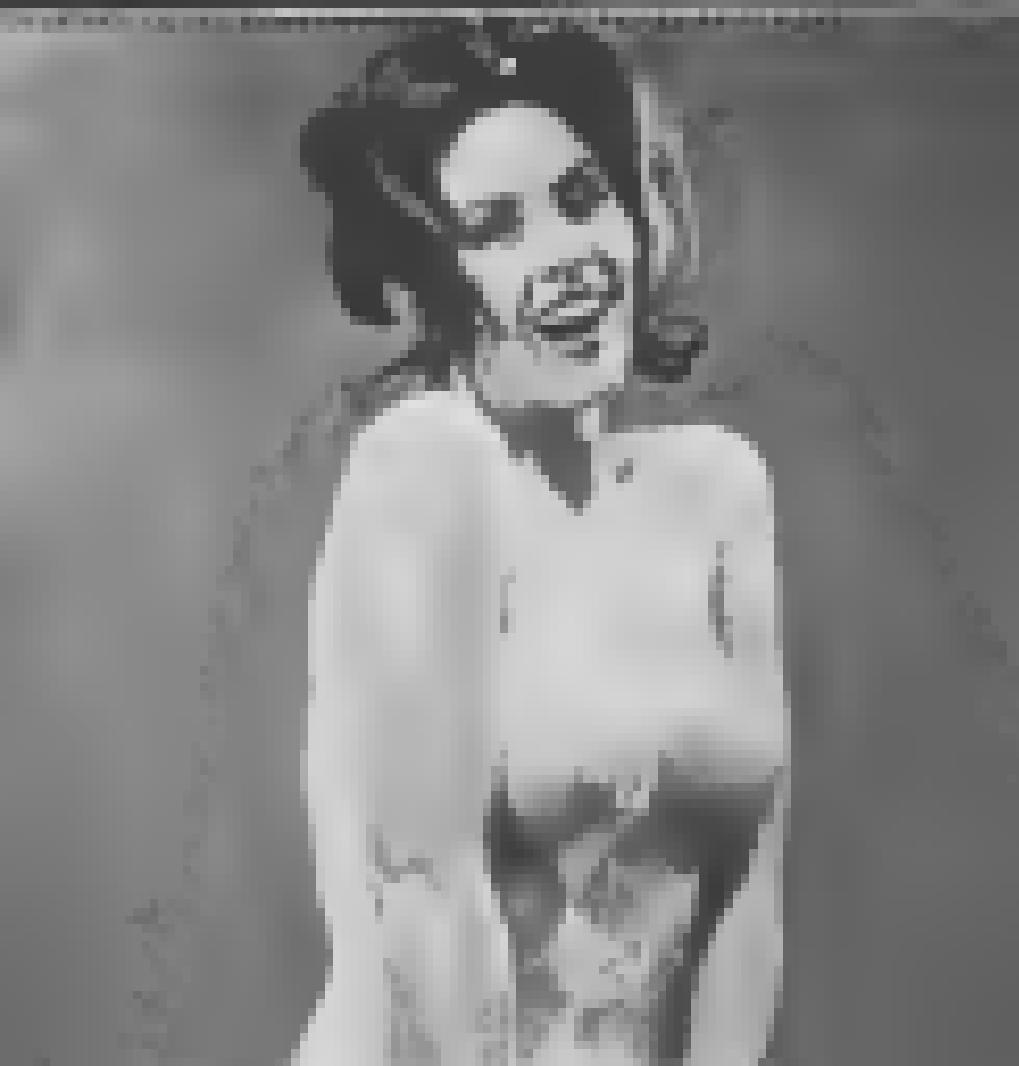














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